

# THE DIVILS CHARTER: A TRAGÆDIE

Containing the Life and Death of  
*Pope ALEXANDER the sixt.*

As it was plaide before the Kings Maiestie,  
vpon Candlemasse night last: by his  
Maiesties Seruants.

*But more exactly renewed, corrected, and augmen-  
ted since by the Author, for the more plea-  
sure and profit of the Reader.*



AT LONDON  
Printed by G. E. for *John Wright*, and are to be sold at  
his shop in New-gate market, neere Christ  
church gate. 1607.

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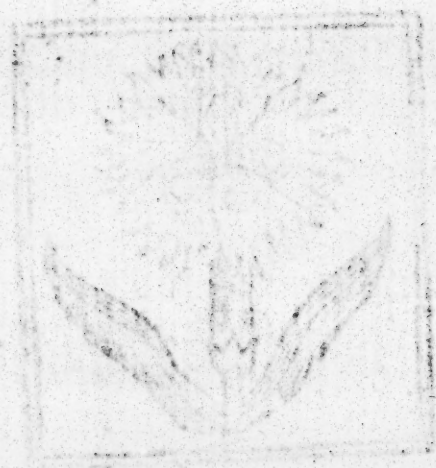
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his shop in New-gate-market, near St. Dunstons Churchgate. 1607.



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To the honorable and his very deare  
friends, Sir *U*Villiam Herbert, and Sir  
William Pope Knights, associats in the  
*noble order of the Bathe.*

BARNABE BARNES consecrateth his loue.



Oble Gentlemen, your Loue towards mee  
(so long time, and in so great measure  
continued by you, not merited by me) did  
tie so firme a knotte vpon the band of my  
dutie towards both of you, that I haue linc-  
ked you both great friends in the patro-  
nage of this little Booke. And I stay well assured, that of  
your good affection you would in any reasonable course wil-  
lingly protect him that writte it, whose Penne and the di-  
rection thereof, with all his best faculties, hee sincerely de-  
uoteth to your service, still resting yours most assured, faith-  
full and affectionate:

Bar. Barnes.

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# The Tragædie of *Alexander* the 6.

## PROLOGVS.

**G**Racious spectators doe not heere expect,  
Visions of pleasure, amorous discourse:  
Our subiect is of bloud and Tragedie,  
Murther, foule Incest, and Hypocrisie.  
Behold the Strumpet of proud Babylon,  
Her Cup with fornication foaming full  
Of Gods high wrath and vengeance for that euill,  
Which was imposd vpon her by the Diuill.

Francis Guicchiardine.

**S**Ent from the Christall Palace of true *Fame*,  
And bright Starre-Chamber of eternall soules,  
Seuerd from Angels fellowship awhile,  
To dwell with mortall bodies here on earth:  
I *Francis Guicciardine* a *Florentine*,  
Am by the powerfull and commanding Muse,  
(Which beareth domination in our soules)  
Sent downe to let you see the Tragedie,  
Of *Roderigo Borgia* lately Pope,  
Calld the sixt *Alexander*, with his sonne  
Proud *Cesar*: to present vnto your eyes,  
Their faithlesse, fearelesse, and ambitious liues:  
And first by what vngodly meanes and Art,  
Hee did attaine the Triple-Diadem,  
This vision offerd to your eyes declares.

*Hee with a siluer rod mooneth the ayre three times.*

Enter,

*At one doore betwixt two other Cardinals, Roderigo in his purple habit close in conference with them, one of which hee guideth to a Tent, where a Table is furnished with diners bagges of money, which that Cardinall beareth away: and to another Tent the other Cardinall, where hee deliuereth him a great quantity of rich Plate, imbraces, with ioyning of hands.* Exeunt Card. Manet Roderigo.

A 2

To

THE DEVILS CHARTER.

To whome from an other place a Moncke with a magical booke and rod, in private whispering with Roderick, whome the Monke draweth to a chaire on midst of the Stage which hee circleth, and before it an other Circle, into which (after semblance of reading with exorcisme) appeare exhalations of lightning and sulphurous smoke in midst whereof a diuill in most vgly shape: from which Roderigo turneth his face, hee beeing coniuured downe after more thunder and fire, ascends another diuill like a Sargeant with a mace vnder his girdle: Roderigo disliketh. Hee descendeth: after more thunder and fearefull fire, ascend in robes pontificall with a triple Crowne on his head, and Crosse keyes in his hand: a diuill him ensuing in blacke robes like a pronotary, a cornerd Cappe on his head, a box of Lancets at his girdle, a little peece of fine parchment in his hand, who beeing brought vnto Alexander, hee willingly receiueth him; to whome hee deliuereth the wryting, which seeming to reade, presently the Pronotary strippeth vp Alexanders sleene and letteth his arme bloud in a saucer, and hauing taken a peece from the Pronotary, subscribeth to the parchment; deliuereth it: the remainder of the bloud, the other diuill seemeth to suppe vp; and from him disroabed is put the rich Cap the Tunicle, and the triple Crowne set vpon Alexanders head, the Crosse-keyes deliuered into his hands; and withall a magical booke: this donne with thunder and lightning the diuills descend: Alexander aduanceth himselfe, and departeth.

*Guicchiardin.*

Thus first with golden bribes he did corrupt  
The purple conclaue: then by diuelish art  
Sathan transfigur'd like a Pronotarie  
To him makes offer of the triple Crowne  
For certaine yeares agreed betwixt them two.  
The life of action shall expresse the rest.

ACT.



## ACTVS. I. SCÆN. I.

*Enter marching after drummes & trumpets at two severall places,  
King Charles of France, Gilbert Mompanseir, Cardinall of  
Saint Peter ad Vincula: soldiers: encountering them Lodowik  
Sforza, Charles Balbiano, the King of France and Lodowike  
embrace.*

*Char.* Renowned Lodowik our warlike Couzen,  
Auspiciously encountred on the skirtes  
Of *Piedmont*, we greete you ioyfully.

*Lodo.* Thise and foreuer most renowned *Charles*,  
A faithfull tongue from an vnfained heart  
As a iust herrold full of truth and honor  
On the behalfe of forlome *Italie*  
Needing and crauing at your Princely hands,  
The patronage and true protection  
Of such a Potent and victorious King  
Humbly salutes your royall Maiesty.  
The shippe of which some-time well guided state,  
Is through tempestious times malignity  
By worthlesse Pilots, foolish Gouverners  
Mutually factious, like to sinck through Schisme  
Into the bottome of the blacke abisme  
Through th' imposition of necessity.  
Do not! oh do not then (most Christian *Charles*)  
Do not forsake hir holding vp hir hands  
For succor to your royall Clemency:  
Hir sayles are rent, mastes spent and rudder brooke  
And vnder water such wide open leaks:  
As vnder water soone will make her sinke.  
Hauing beene bilg'd vpon so many shelues,  
So torne, so rotten and so long vnrig'd,  
And playing with the waues to and againe  
As one not gouerned with helpe of helme.  
One then whome nature in his vowes to God,  
Hath tied to tender her forlome estate  
With eyes fore-seeing and compassionate,

RETENDERS her to your high Maiestie,  
A Christian Prince so wise so valiant:  
Vndoubted heire vnto the Crowne of *Naples*,  
By lawfull right of that greate house of *Anion*:  
Of which your grace is well knowne lawfull heire,  
By th' issues of that *Charles* the first, that first  
Of the blood royall of the Crowne of *France*,  
Obtain'd that Kingdome ages manie past.  
These reasons weare with *Lodowik Sforza* mou'd,  
To moue your Maiesty with martiall force  
To passe these mountaines to possesse your owne.  
March then most Christian and renowned Prince,  
Aduance thy lilly standard potent King:  
And since all skandalls are remou'd and cleer'd,  
Strike vp your cheerefull drummes and march along  
In Gods name; with good auspices of Saint *Denys*,  
I know you doubt not mine integrity:  
Can more grosse error rest in pollicy.  
Then first to raise a turbulent sharpe storme,  
And vnaduisedly to leaue defence  
To doubtfull chance and possibilities.  
To broach strong poyson is too dangerous,  
And not be certeine of the present vertue  
Which is contained in his *Antidor*.  
Wilde fire permitted without limmit burnes,  
Euen to consume them that first kindled it:  
I did aduise you, I inducted you,  
And *Lodowike*, which brought you on with honor,  
Will bring you of with triumph and renowne.

*Char.* Embrace me Couzen *Sforza*: by the soules  
Of my forefathers I reioyce as much  
In thy deare friendship and wise industrie,  
As in the more parte of my patrimonie:  
Courage together let vs share all one,  
In life, in death, in purchase or in none.

*Enter a Messenger with letters to Charles.*  
These newes are fortunate for *Daubigny*,  
Aduertiseth how that the Colonelses,

Although



(Although *Alfonso* did accord with them,  
Declared haue them-selues for *France* and vs,  
Without dissembling or hypocrisie.

*Lodo.* Why this was it I did expect great *Charles*,  
Our armies and our friends haue beene long sowne,  
The ground well plowed, the blade is full come vp,  
And doubt not we shall haue a ioyfull haruest.

*Char.* Coosen *Montpansier*  
March with your regiments to *Pontremoli*,  
Expect vs, or from vs directions,  
To meete our forces, when wee come neere *Florence*,  
There shall you finde the *Swisse* with their Artillerie,  
Newly by sea brought vnto *Spetia*,  
Come Coosen march we cheerefully together,  
Faire is the way, faire fortune, and faire wether,  
    *Montpansier with some souldiers and Ensignes before.*  
    *King Charles with Lodowike and his soldiers after.*

SCENA. 1.

*Enter 2. Gentlemen with Libels in their bands.*

1. *Gent.* Nay such prophane and monstrous *Sodomie*,  
Such obscure Incest and Adultery,  
Such odious Auarice and perfidie,  
Such violence and brutish gluttony,  
So barren of sincere integritie.

2. *Gent.* In whom there is no shame nor veritie,  
Faith nor religion, but meere cruelty?  
Immoderate ambition, guilfull treacherie,  
Such prophanation and Apostacie,  
And in all falsehood such dexteritie.

1. *Gent.* As heauens detest, and men on earth distaste.

2. *Gent.* Such impious sacriledge, such adulation:

1. *Gent.* Of all good men such detestation.

2. *Gent.* Such Magick skill, such diuillish incantation.

1. *Gent.* Apparant figures of damn'd reprobation.

2. *Gent.* As in all thoughts is thought abomination.

1. *Gent.* Time

1. *Gent.* Time will out-strip vs ; for the morning starre,  
Portends the mounting of faire *Phæbus* Carre.

2. *Gent.* Hast we, for danger drawne on by delay,  
Admits no time to tarry till cleere day.

1. *Gent.* Fix on your Papers, these for *Alexander*  
And his ambitious *Cæsar* : set on yours.

Hale reuerent Pasquill, Idoll of veritie, *As hee fixeth on his*  
Accept these sacrifices which we bring. *papers.*

2. *Gent.* These be sinne offerings figuring foule vice.

Oh glorious guider of the golden Spheres,  
And thou that from thy pretious lyricke strings  
Makes Gods and men in heauen and earth to dance  
With sacred touch of sweetest harmony:

Pitty these times, by whose malignitie,  
We loose our grace, and thou thy dignity.

1. *Gent.* High Muse, which whilome vertues patronized,  
In whose eternall rowles of memory

The famous acts of Princes were comprized  
By force of euer-liuing Historie:

What shall wee doe to call thee backe againe?

True Chronicler of all immortall glory,

When here with mortall men nought is deuif'd,

But how all stories with foule vice to staine:

So that alas thy gracious Oratorie,

Which with meere truth and vertue sympathiz'd,

Is silent ; and wee Poets now with paine,

( Which in *Castalian* Fountaines dip'd our quilles )

Are forc'd of mens impietie to plaine ;

And well thou wotest, wrought against our wills,

In rugged verse, vile matters to containe:

And herein lurkes the worst of mortall ills,

That *Rome* ( which should be Vertues Paradise )

Bare of all good, is wilderness of vice.

2. *Gent.* How luculent and more conspicuous

Euen then the sunne, in cleereſt Maiestie,

His vehement and more then hellish thirst

Soaring to pearch vpon the spire of honour

Displaies his bastard wings: and in that nest

Where



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Where princely Fawlcons, or *Ioues* kingly Birds,  
Should hatch their young ones, plants his rauenous Harpies,  
His gracelesse, impious, and disastrous sonnes,  
Euen in the soueraigne Chaire of domination.

1. *Gent.* But chiefly one, that diuelish Cardinall,  
Proud *Cesar*, farst, with fierce impietie:  
His Oracle and instrument of shame  
In all nefarious plotts and practises,  
Is now become as wicked as himselfe:  
But hast we now, least any should suspect.

2. *Gent.* Much conference with *Pasquill* may detect vs.

*Exeunt.*

### SCÆNA. 3.

*Enter* Gismond di Viselli, and after him Barbarossa.

*Bar.* *Dio vi guarda Signior illustrissimo*: whether in such hast  
my noble Lord thus early?

*Gis.* *Signior Barbarossa* in happy time well encountred, for I  
haue some businesse this morning with my brother the Duke  
of *Candie*, wherein I would both vse your counsell and cour-  
tenance.

*Bar.* My good Lord *Viselli*, the countenance of your deuoted  
poore friend, is of lesse value then his counsell, yet both of very  
small validity: such as they be, with his life and best fortunes he  
sincerely sacrificeth all to your seruice.

*Gis.* Pardon mee deere sir no seruice more then recipocall,  
and in due paritie betwixt vs, and since wee be so neere it, let vs  
not passe *Pasquill* without an *Aue*: what scandalous hyerogli-  
phickes haue wee heere?

*A. S. P. M.*

*Auritia, Superbia, Perfidia, Malitia,*  
*Alexander, Sextus, Pontifex, Maximus.*

Against my Lord the Popes holinesse such blasphemous impu-  
dence, such intollerable bitternesse!

*M. P. S. A.* These are the same letters with the first begin-  
ning at the last, *Magnum Petrum Sequitur Antichristus. Phy*  
*Diabolo*, our blessed *Alexander* (beeing *Saint Peeters* successor)  
this diuillish libeller calls *Antichrist*.

B

*Bar.*

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Bar. Pause there my Lord a litle, some-what here concernes my Lord the Cardinall *Borgia*.

Gif. Read it good *Barbarossa*.

Bar. *Alexander Cesarem suum Galero et purpura donavit ut menstruoso spiritus sui veneno, uniuersum simul conclaue suffocaret.*

Gif. Oh most intollerable abomination?

Bar. *Alexander* adopted his sonne *Cesar* into the fellowship of Cardinalls, that he with the menstruous poyson of his breath might choake the whole Conclaue.

Gif. By the blessed alter of Saint *Peeter* this villanie surpasseth patience.

Bar. My Lord here's a long libell.

Gif. Read it good *Barbarossa*: more mischeife of my wife, nay read it.

Bar. *Quid mirum? Romæ facta est Lucretia Thais, Unica Alexandri filia, sponsa nurus.*

The same in effect inseueth.

Welcome good Post from *Rome* tell vs some newes, *Lucrece* is turned *Thayis* of the stewes:

In whome her father *Alexander* saw,  
His onely daughter, wife, and daughter in law,  
Shall I read on my Lord? here is much more.

Gif. Nay read out all, it is but of a whore.

Bar. *Francesco di Gonsaga* was the first,  
That married *Lucrece Alexanders* daughter,  
And yet the Pope those bairns of bridale burst,  
And made of marriage sacrament a laughter,  
His reason was because that fellow poore,  
Lackt maintenance for such a noble whore.

Gif. Malignant aspect of vngratious stars,  
Why haue you poynted at my miseries?

Bar. Haue patience good my Lord and here the rest,

Gif. *Patienza per forza*, but this wounds to th' quick.

Bar. *Iohn Sforza* now Lord *Marques of Pescara*,  
Was second husband to this ioly dame,  
Of natures faculties he being bare,  
In like state with his predecessor came,  
Because he, when he should haue writ his mind,



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Paper well might; but pen or incke, none finde.

*Gis.* Oh villainies of monstrous people,  
Fashions and times deformed and vnrasonable,

*Bar.* Yet my Lord a little haue patience in your  
owne cause.

*Gis.* Mallice performe thy worst least comming late,  
I with anticipation crosse that fare. Read it, root man.

*Bar.* *Gismond Viselli*, nobly descended,  
Is for his shamefull match much discommended.

For neuer was the shamelesse *Fulvia*,

Nor *Lais* noted for so many wooers,

Nor that vnchast profuse *Sempronia*.

A common dealer with so many dooers,

So proud, so faithlesse, and so voyd of shame,

As is new brodell bride *Lucretia*,

Take to thee *Gismond* both the skorne and shame,

And liue long iealous of *Lucretia*.

With pushing hornes keepe out all commers in,

For now thy mortall miseries begin.

*Gis.* Mortall miseries? but we are all mortall,

Fortune I scorne thy malice, and thy meed,

Keepe them vp safe that I may shew them to his holines,

Is this the licence which our citty *Rome*

Hath giuen to beastly *Bardes*, and satyristes,

Ribbaldly Rimesters, and malicious curs,

To leaue no state of Church nor seculer,

Free from their ordure, and polution.

Good *Barbarossa* beare me Company:

Exile and Punishment for such base poets,

And stripes with wiery scourges were too litle.

Which breathing here in *Rome*, and taking graces

From the faire Sunne-shine of this hemisphere,

Contaminate that ayre with their vile breath.

Obumbrating this light by which they liue,

If these were truth: this times impietie,

May soone sincke downe vnder the diety.      *Exeunt.*

# THE DIVILS CHARTER.

## SCÆN. 4.

*Alexander in his study with bookes, coffers, his triple  
Crowne upon a cushion before him.*

*Alex.* With what expence of money plate and iewels  
This Miter is attayn'd my Coffers witnesse:  
But *Astaroth* my couenant with thee  
Made for this soule more pretious then all treasure,  
Afflicts my conscience, O but *Alexander*  
Thy conscience is no conscience; if a conscience,  
It is a leoprouse and poluted conscience.  
But what? a coward for thy conscience?  
The diuill is witnesse with me when I seald it  
And cauteriz'd this conscience now seard vp  
To banish out faith, hope and charity;  
Vsing the name of Christian as a stale  
For *Arcane* plots and intricate designs  
That all my misty machinations  
And Counsels held with black *Tartarian* fiends  
Were for the glorious sunne-shine of my sonnes;  
That they might mounte in equall parralel  
With golden maiesty like *Saturnes* sonne  
To darte downe fire and thunder on their foes.  
That, that was it, which I so much desir'd  
To see my sonnes through all the world admir'd,  
In spight of grace, conscience, and *Acheron*  
I will reioyce, and triumph in my Charter.

*Alexander readeth.*

*Sedebis Roma Papa, summa in felicitate tui et  
Filiorum annos 11. et 7. dies 8. post morieris.  
Prouiso quod nunquam te signes tremenda  
Crucis signo.*

*Astaroth.*

The diuill prouideth in his couenant  
I should not crosse my selfe at any time;  
I neuer was so ceremonious.  
Well this rich Miter thought it cost me deare  
Shall make me liue in pompe whilst I liue heere.

Holla



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Holla *Bernardo?*

*He tincketh a bell.*

Call hether my two sonnes the Duke of *Candy* and the  
Cardinall of *Valence*.

Happie those sonnes whom fathers loue so well  
That for their sakes they dare aduenture hell.

*Enter the Duke of Candy and Caesar Borgia  
striving for priority.*

Come my deare sonnes the comfort of my life  
Yours is this earthly glory which I hold.

Cannot the spacious boundes of *Italy*  
Diuided equally containe you both?

From *France* and *Swisserland* I will beginne  
With *Naples* and those Townes in *Peidmont*

And all the signories in *Lombardy*

From *Porta di Volane* to *Sanona*

And *Genes* on th' other side of *Italy*

Vpon the *Mediterranean* towards *Greece*;

Allotted *Candy* for his patrimony.

And in *Romania* from *Pontremolie*

And *Prato* to faire *Florence*; and from thence

In *Tuskany* within the Riuer *Narre*

And fruitfull *Arno* those sweete Prouinces

Euen to Mont *Alto*, *Naples*, *PolICASTRO*

And *Petrasalia* in *Calabria*

The furthest of home of *Italy* for *Cesar*.

Gainc dubble strength with your vnited loues.

Loue one another boies you shal be Kings:

Fortune hath beene auspicious at my birth

And will continue gracious to mine end.

*Castor* and *Pollux* would not liue in Heauen

Vnlesse they might be stellified together,

You for a little-turse of earth contend

When they together shine the welkin cleeres:

And gentle gales beare fourth the winged failes,

But when they shine a parte they threaten stormes

And hiddeous tempests to the Marriners

*Castor* would not be called but *Pollux* *Castor*

And *Castor* *Castors* *Pollux*: so my *Candy*

Be *Casars Candy, Caesar, Candies Caesar,*  
 With perfect loue, deare boyes loue one another  
 So either shal be strengthened by his brother.

*Ca.* Most blessed reuerend and renowned father,  
 The loue by nature to my brother *Candy,*  
 Enforceth me some-times in plainer sort  
 To cleere my conscience issuing from pure loue,  
 It is meere loue which mooues these passions,  
 When I do counsell or aduise your good.

*Ca.* I know deere brother when your counsell tends  
 Vnto my good, it issueth from pure loue.

*Ca.* As when I tax your princely conscience  
 Like an vn-pitted penitentiarie,  
 Brother with reuerence of his Holinesse  
 Your heart is too much spic'd with honesty.

*Alex.* I and I feare me he will find it so,  
 Your brother *Caesar* tells you very true:  
 You must not be so ceremonious  
 Of oathes and honesty, Princes of this world  
 Are not prick't in the bookes of conscience,  
 You may not breake your promise for a world:  
 Learne this one lesson looke yeemarke it well,  
 It is not alwaies needfull to keepe promise,  
 For Princes (forc'd by meere necessity  
 To passe their faithfull promises) againe  
 Forc'd by the same necessity to breake promise.

*Ca.* And for your more instructiōs learne these rules!  
 If any Cedar, in your Forrest spread,  
 And ouer-peere your branches with his top,  
 Prouide an axe to cut him at the roote,  
 Suborne informers or by snares intrap  
 That King of Flies within the Spiders Webbe;  
 Or els insnare him in the Lions toyles.  
 What though the multitude applaud his fame:  
 Because the vulgar haue wide open eares  
 Mutter amongst them and possesse their hearts  
 That his designements wrought against the state  
 By which yea wound him with a publicke hate.



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So let him perish, yet seeme pittifull  
Cherrish the weakenesse of his stocke and race  
As if alone he meritted disgrace.  
Suffer your Court to mourne his funeralls,  
But burne a bone-fire for him in your Chamber.

*Alex. Caesar* deliuereth Oracles of truth.  
Tis well sayd *Caesar*, yet attend a little,  
And binde them like rich bracelets on thine armes  
Or as a precious iewell at thine eare.  
Suppose two factious Princes both thy friends  
Ambitious both, and both competitors,  
Aduance in hostile armes against each other  
Ioyne with the strongest to confound the weake  
But let your wars foundation touch his Crowne,  
Your neereft Charity concernes your selfe;  
Els let him perish; yet seeme charitable.  
As if you were meereley compos'd of vertue:  
Beleeue me *Candy* things are as they seeme,  
Not what they be themselues; all is opinion:  
And all this world is but opinion.  
Looke what large distance is twixt Heauen and Earth,  
So many leagues twixt wealth and honesty:  
And they that liue puling vpon the fruits  
Of honest consciences; starue on the Common.  
*Caesar* can tell thee this in ample sorte.  
And *Caesar* loue him, loue him hartily;  
Though mildenesse do possesse thy brother *Candie*,  
It is a gentle vice, vicining vertue.

*Can.* Vnder correction of your Holinesse,  
Those warres which vertue leuies against vice,  
Are onely knowne to some particulers  
Which haue them wrytten in their consciences,  
Those are the same they seeme, and in such warres  
Your sonne shall make remonstrance of his valour,  
And so become true Champion of the Church.

*Ces.* It is the precious Ornament of Princes  
To be strong hearted, proud, and valiant,  
But well attemptred with callidity,

Brother

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Brother with reuerence of his holinesse  
(Whole sacred words like blessed Oracles  
Haue pointed at your prudence) *Cesar* would  
Haue giuen the like aduise : but (in conclusion)  
Vndoubtedly to worke out thy confusion.

*Enter Barnardo.*

*Ale.* Vpon my blessing follow *Cesars* counsell;  
It tendeth to thy glory.

*Bern.* Most blessed Lord,  
Embassadors from *Ferdinande* of *Naples*  
Arriued heere attend your holinesse.

*Ale.* This is a welcome messenger for *Godfrey*,  
To make a marriage with the Lady *Saunce*:  
And *Candy* for so much as this requires  
A ioyfull entertainment; take that honor  
And bid him welcome with due complements.  
Shew courteous, language laudable apporte;  
Let them be feasted in more sumptuous sort  
Then ordinary messengers of state:  
Obserue his speeches, fathome his designs;  
And for I know thy nature tractable,  
And full of courtesie: shew courtesie  
And good intreatie to them: *Gentle Candie*  
Now shew thy selfe a polititian;  
I neede not giue thee large instructions;  
For that I know thee wise, and honorable  
Greete them from vs: *Cesar* shall at a turne  
Giue correspondence to thy courtesie:  
I as well sitteth with my state and honor  
Within these ten daies wil admit them hearing:  
Meane while learne out by lore of policie  
The substance of their motions, that we may  
Be better arm'd to giue them resolution.

*Can.* Your holinesse in this shall see my skill,  
To do you seruice,

*Exit Candy.*

*Alex.* *Cesar* now to thee.  
This taske vpon thy shoulders onely leanes;  
I rest vpon thee *Cesar*: were it not

That



That thou must second it, or first it rather  
 I durst not trust such things of consequence,  
 To feeble spirits: therefore from our stables  
 Six *Persian* Coursers arm'd and furnished  
 With rich Caparisons of gold and Pearle,  
 With six rich Complet Armors for their saddles,  
 And such a Cabbinet of pretious Jewels  
 As we shall choose within to morrow morning  
 Present from vs in token of our loue.  
 Let for no cost in sumptuous banqueting,  
 Beleeue me *Cesar* some-times at a banquet,  
 More ground is got then at a bloody battell.  
 Worme out their humors, fathom their delights,  
 If they delight in that which *Naples* couets,  
 Fine, witty, loue-sick, braue, and beautifull,  
 Eloquent, glancing, full of fantasies.  
 Such Sugar harted *Syrens*, or such Comets,  
 As shine in our imperiall state of *Rome*,  
 True pick-locks in close wards of policie,  
 Present them with the Paragons of *Rome*:  
 And spare not for a Million in expence,,  
 So long as here they keepe their residence.

*Cesar.* *Cesar* in such a case will prooe true *Cesar*,  
 Wife, franke, and honorable.

*Alex.* I doubt it not:  
 And *Cesar*, (as thou doost imbrace my loue,  
 More then the world besides.) accomplish this,  
 And wee shall *Cesar* with high blessings blisse, *Exit*

*Cas.* By this time is my faire *Lucretia*,  
 Befitted for a businesse of bloud,  
 Neerely concerning her estate and mine. *Exit.*

SCÆ. 5.

*Enter Lucretia alone in her night gowne untired,*  
*bringing in a chaire, which she planteth*  
*upon the Stage.*

*Luc.* *Lucretia* cast off all seruile feare,

C

Reuenge

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Reuenge thy selfe vpon thy iealous husband  
 That hath betraid thine honor, wrong'd thy bed :  
 Feare not ; with resolution act his death :  
 Let none of *Borgias* race in policies  
 Exceed thee *Lucrece* : now proue *Casars* Sister,  
 So deepe in bloudy stratagems as hee :  
 All finnes haue found examples in all times.  
 If womanly thou melt then call to minde,  
 Impatient *Medeas* wrathfull furie,  
 And raging *Clitemnestraes* hideous fact :  
*Prognos* strange murder of her onely sonne,  
 And *Danius* fifty Daughters (all but one) ;  
 That in one night, their husbands sleeping slew.  
 My cause as iust as theirs, my heart as resolute,  
 My hands as ready. *Gismond* I come,  
 Haild on with furie to reuenge these wrongs  
 And loue impoison'd with thy iealousie,  
 I haue deuised such a curious snare,  
 As iealous *Vulcan* neuer yet deuif'd,  
 To graspe his armes vnable to resist,  
 Deaths instruments inclosed in these hands.

*Shee kneeleth downe.*

You grieisly Daughters of grimme *Erebus*,  
 Which spit out vengeance from your viperous heires,  
 Infuse a three-fold vigor in these armes ;  
 Imarble more my strong indurate heart,  
 To consummate the plot of my reuenge.

*Shee riseth and walketh passionately.*

*Enter Gismond di Viselli vntrussed in his*

*Night-cap, tying his points.*

Heere comes the subiect of my Tragedy.

*Gis.* What my *Lucretia* walking alone?  
 These solitarie passions should bewray  
 Some discontentment, and those gracious eyes  
 Seeme to be moou'd with anger, not with loue :  
 Tell me *Lucretia*, may thy *Gismond* know ?

*Luc.* Demaundst thou the cause iniurious *Gismond* ?  
When like a recluse (shut vp from the world)

I liue



I live close prisoner to thy iealousie?  
 The *Esperian* Dragons kept not with more watch,  
 The golden fruit, then thou my fatall beauty:  
 Thou wouldst exlude me from the sight of Sunne,  
 But that his beames breake through some creuifies  
 Thou wouldst debarre me from the common ayre,  
 But that against my will I suck it in,  
 And breath it out in scalding sighes againe:  
 Were I in *Naxos* where no noise is heard  
 But *Neptunes* rage, no fights but ruthlesse rocks,  
 Or in the *Libian* deserts, or exchang'd  
 This Hemisphere of *Rome* forth' *Antipodes*,  
 Were not so gricuous as to dwell in *Rome*,  
 Banish'd from sight and conference of friends.

*Gis.* Blam'st thou my iealousie? nay blame thy beauty,  
 And loue imprison'd in those amorous looks:  
 I feare the Sunnes reflections on thy face,  
 Least he more wondring at thy precious eyes,  
 Then any Nymphes which he most honored,  
 Should beare thee to some other Paradice,  
 And rob me, silly man, of this worlds ioy.  
 I feare the windes, least amorous *Ioue* in them,  
 (Enuying such pretious nature amongst men)  
 With extreame passion hence should hurry thee.  
 Oh loue is full of feare: all things I feare,  
 By which I might be frustrate of thy loue.

*Luo.* Scoffst thou mee *Gismond* with continuall taunts?  
 Oh God of heauens, shall I both suffer shame  
 And scorne, with such dispisd captiuitie.

*Gis.* Here in the presence of the powers in Heauen,  
 I doe not speake in scorne, but in meere loue:  
 And further *Lucrese*, (of thy clemencie,  
 For loue, and beautie, both are riche in bountie)  
 Forgiue me what is past, and I will sweare,  
 Neuer to vex thee with more iealousie.

*Luo.* Thou wilt forswear thy selfe: *Gismond* come hither?  
 Sit downe and answer me this question. *Gismond* sitteth downe  
 in a Chaire, *Lucretia* on a steele beside him.

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

When I bestowed on thee this diamond  
A Jewell once held precious as my life;  
And with it cast away my selfe on thee  
Didst thou not promise to maintaine mine honour,  
Neither in word nor deed to giue suspect  
Of thy dislike; and hast thou not since then  
In presence of my neereſt Noble friends  
Rebuk'd me like a *Layis* for my lightneſſe?  
And as a miſer lockes his mony vp  
So me reſtraind from ſpeech and ſight of them?

*Giſ.* When firſt thou didſt beſtow this Diamond,  
It had a precious luſtre in mine eye:  
And was poſſeſt of vertue, when I vow'd  
To maintaine that, which was impoſſible:  
But ſince that time this ſtone hath had a flaw,  
Broken within the ring, his foile growne dimme,  
The vertue vaniſht, and the luſter loſt.

*She graſpeth him in h's chaire.*

*Luc.* I can no longer brooke theſe baſe rebukes.  
Theſe taunting riddles, and cloſe libellings

*Giſ.* Oh helpe I am ſtrangled.

*She ſtoppeth his mouth, pulleth out his  
dagger and offereth to gagge him.*

*Lu.* Peace wretched villaine, then recieue this quickly:  
Or by the living powers of heauen ile kill thee.

*She gaggeth him, and taketh a paper out of her boſome.*

Take pen and incke: tis not to make thy will;  
For if thou wilt ſubſcribe, I will not kill.

Tis but to cleere thoſe ſcandalls of my ſhame,  
With which thy iealouſie did me defame.

*Giſmonde ſubſcribeth.*

So now that part is playd, what followes now?

Thou Ribbould, Cuckcold, Rascal, Libeller,  
Pernicious Lecher voide of all performance;  
Periurious Coxcomb      ole, now for thoſe wrongs

Which no great ſpirit could well tollerare  
Come I, with mortall vengeance on thy ſoule.

Take this for ſclandring of his Holineſſe

My



# THE DIVILS CHARTER.

My blessed father and my brother *Cesar* *She stabbeth*  
 With incest: this take for my brother *Candy*:  
 And this for Noble *Sphorza* whom thou wrongest;  
 And since the time is shorte I will be shorte:  
 For locking vp of me, calling me whore,  
 Setting espialls tending at my taile;  
 Take this, and this, & this to make amends. *three stabs together.*  
 And put thee from thy paines;

*She unbindeth him, layeth him on the grownd, putteth the dagger  
 in his hand, a paper on his knee, & taking certaine papers out of his  
 pocket putteth in others in their steede: & cōuaieeth away the chaire*

Now will my father *Alexander* say  
 That I did take the best and safest way,  
 And *Cesar* will approue it with his heart,  
 That *Lucrece* hath perform'd a cunning parte.  
 If others aske who *Gismonde* kild or why  
 It was himselfe repenting iealousie.

*Exit Lucretia.*

*Barbarossa knocketh at a dore.*

*Bar.* Holla within there?

Why fellowes?

*Seruingman.* Heere my Lord.

*Bar.* What is my Lord *Viselli* stirring yet?

My Lord the Pope expects him; and the ambassadors  
 Of *Naples* craue his company. *Enter Bar. and Seruingman.*

*Ser.* My Lord I haue not seene him yet this morning.

*Bar.* Is not your Lady *Lucrce* stirring yet?

*Ser.* No my good Lord I thinke shee be not yet come from  
 her chamber, her custome is not to be seene so soone.

*Bar.* Tis well, tis wel, let her take ease in gods name,  
 But make hast, call vp my Lord thy maister honest fellow.

*Ser.* With patience of your Lordship I will speake:  
 For three daies space I did finde in my Lord  
 Passionate motions, and strange melancholie  
 'T may be his solitude hath drawne him forth,  
 I will first looke the garden and the galleries.

*Bar.* Do my good friend I will expect thee in this parler here?

*As Barbarossa goes on hee findeth Viselli murthered  
 upon the ground, and starteth.*

Fellow

Fellow come backe, come back, fellow come back;  
Your Lord lies murthred here, call vp your Lady;  
Call in your fellow seruants. *Deh Santa Croce.*  
This dagger grasped in his fatall hand  
Reueales some violence, wrought on himselfe;  
Could nature so much violate her selfe?  
Was it not wrought by bloudy *Borgines* race?  
I doubt in this the diuills hypochrisie,  
Iustice of Heauens firme and inscrutable  
Reueale it, oh reueale it in thy mercy.

*Enter Lucrecia with Moticilla.*

*Luc.* Where is my Lord? my deare Lord?

*Bar.* Tarry Lady.

Approch not neere this ruthfull spectacle;  
Approch not neere this spectacle of bloud,  
This ruthfull spectacle of bloud and death,  
Least suddaine horror of these bleeding wounds  
Wound thy distracted spirits to pale death.

*Luc.* What horror or what mortall spectacle,  
Vpon such suddaine hath astonished me?  
Oh my deere Lord: *Vifelly* speake to me;  
Oh most disastrous accident and houre;  
Ay me most wretched and vnfortunate,  
My deereft Lord the treasure of my life,  
The sweetest paradise of my best hopes,  
Is murthred: seeke out the murtherers  
Leaue not vnseartcht a corner nor a Crany:  
Locke vp the dores there, least that homicide  
Escape vs in this passion —

*Bar.* Haue patience Lady,

Heauens will reueale the murther doubt it not,

*Luc.* Ah Noble *Barbarossa* much I feare  
Now with these eyes I see the murtherer,  
Staind with the guilt of nature; oh my Lord  
You little know that these weake womans hands  
Twise rescued haue the violence of his  
From killing of himselfe before this time:  
Oh fie vpon the diuill, and melancholy;

Which



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Which leaue me desolate a forelorne widdow.

*Mot.* Madam these papers will bewray some matter.

*Luc.* Oh might I finde an other murtherer.

*Bar.* These do containe some matter read them Lady.

*Luc.* My heart swolne vp with sorrow, lends no light

Vnto mine eyes, nor force vnto my tongue

To see one letter, or to reade one word,

I pray you reade it good Lord *Barbarossa*.

*Barbarossa readeth.*

I *Gismond di Viselli* through desperate grieve conceiued in iea-  
lousie ( which I bare against my Lady *Lucrecia* ) hauing found  
out by much triall, and examination her faithfulnessse and inno-  
cency, make this my protestation as the last piacular oblation  
to her for those wrongs that with mine own vnfortunate hands  
I haue ended my life, desiring her and all others to forgiue me,  
and pray for me, subscribed with mine owne hand, and sealed  
with my seale.

*Gismond de Viselli.*

*Il ueleno d'amore,*

*A me trafisse il cuore.*

*Mot.* Oh Lord of heauens haue pardon on his soule.

*Luc.* This is his hand and seale, speake now my Lord:

Did not I soone disclose the murtherer?

Told I not that the murtherer was present?

Ah neuer neuer shall I liue to see. *she soundeth.*

*Bar.* Comfort you selfe deere Lady God will send succor  
Your husband hath paid deerely for these wrongs.

*Luc.* Giue me my Lord againe, death shall not haue him,  
Come my deere *Gismond*, come againe my ioye:  
Delay me not least I preuent thy loue  
I cannot brooke delay's, *Lucrece* shall follow.

*Lucrece offereth to stab her selfe Barbarossa  
preuenteth her.*

*Bar.* Tempt not Gods iustice Lady, fall to praier,  
Helpe, in there, take your Lord out of her sight.

*Luc.* Oh my deare friends that see my miseries,  
I you beseech in dearest tenderneffe  
Bring in the body of my dearest Lord;

That

THE DIVILES CHARTER.

That I before my death may (with these eyes)  
Behold him honor'd in his obsequies.

*Bar.* And I wil beare these papers to his Holines,  
Whose sorrow wil exceed for *Gismonds* death. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Guicchiardin.*

*Cho.* Thus foule suspition, feare and icalousie  
Of shame, dishonor, and his wiues hot lust,  
Hath seaz'd vpon *Viselli*; whose reuenge,  
Was to restraine *Lucrece* from Company.  
But swelling pride, and lust, both limitles,  
Answer'd his louing feare and shame with death.  
Attend the sequell. Now successiuelly  
(After such warlike preparations,  
So many firme hopes found in *Italy*)  
King *Charles* with fiftene hundred men at armes,  
Three thousand Archers, with six thousand *Swisse*.  
*French* men, and *Gascons* twise as many more,  
With martiall measures, ouer *Piemont*  
Treads a long march after his drums and fife,  
With *Milans* force, and now his trumpets hard,  
Vnto the gates of *Rome* giue fresh allarms,  
Vnto the Pope, who stirreth vp in armes,

ACT. 2. SCÆ. 1.

*Enter Alexander with a Lintstock in his hand; with him*  
*Cæsar Borgia, Caraffa, Bernardo Piccolomini,*  
*the Castilian, Gassper de fois Mr. of the*  
*ordinance.*

*Alex. Castillian* take fivie hundred harguebussie,  
Two hundred Arbalastes, and fortifie,  
Vpon the tower of Saint *Sebastian*,  
Affronting that port where prowd *Charles* should enter,  
Call'd *Santa Maria di Popolo*.

*Pic.* Our souldiers ready be with match in cocke,  
T'attend this seruice, and our scurriers,  
Are now return'd hauing discryd King *Charles*,  
His ensigns and his Cornets proudly mand,

With



THE DIVELS CHARTER.

With plumed regiments, and troopes of horſe,  
Marching in glory to the gates of *Rome*. *Exit Piccolo.*

*Alex.* Brauely bring on your companics bold hearts,  
*Gaspar de Foix.* ate thoſe two *Baſilisks*,  
Alieady mounted on their carriages?

*Gaff.* T. ey bee.

*Alex.* We make you maiſter of our Ordinance, *He deliuereth*  
And on the Turret of Saint *Adrian.* *his Liſtock.*

Plant fix more Cannon, and foure Culuerings,  
Foure Lizards, and eight Sacres, with all ſpeed,  
Take Gunners with you to the Cittadell,  
Powder and ſhot, with Ladles for their charge,  
See none be wanting; ſet them to their taſke.  
Haue a good care your Pyoners worke hard,  
To further your fortifications. *Exit Gasper.*

*Caf.* Pleaſeth your Holineſſe to giue me leaue,  
It fitteth well with our owne purpoſes,  
To giue *Charles* entrance, and without reſtraint,  
Leaſt he by rigor ſhould vſurpe that leaue,  
Which to reſiſt were vaine and dangerous.  
Beleeue me Father we muſt temporize.

*Caraff.* Beſides you ſee how the *Calabrian Duke*,  
Out of the Port of Saint *Sabaſtian*,  
Not one houre paſt, hath iſſued and left *Rome*.  
Now though you do ſuſpect, conceale all doubts:  
For you ſhall finde this ſure and commonly,  
Dangers accompany ſuſpition,

*Alex.* We will embrace that courſe, but with your leaue,  
In *Caſtle Angelo* Capitulate:  
Standing (as beſt befits vs) on our garde.

*Enter Piccolomini, Gasper de Foix, with ſmall ſhot*  
*Enſigne, Drummes and Trumpets.*

*Piccol.* Tis time your Holineſſe tooke to your guard,  
For Potent *Charles* (like one that conquereth)  
Arm'd at all peeces, in his plumed caſke,  
And with a Launce reſting vpon his thigh,  
Already with his forces hath poſſeſt

The suberbs, and is now come to the gates.

*Ale.* We are resolved: *Gasper de fois* take heed,  
On paine of death no souldier be so bould  
As to dischardge one peece or arbalast,  
Before th' alarne being giuen from them,  
Wee with a culuering from Castle *Angelo*,  
Proclame hostility : troope on a pacc,  
Take we what fortune peace or warre affords,  
The worst of resolution is with swords.

*Exeunt with drums and trumpet.*

*Enter with drums and trumpets : King Charles,*  
*Cardinall Saint Peter ad vincula, and As-*  
*canio, Lodwick Sforza : Mompan-*  
*lier ensignes, souldiers.*

*Charles* Thus far with much applause in icyfull martch,  
With good successe and hopefull augurie,  
We marched haue within the walls of *Rome*,  
Not litle wondering that his Holines,  
Doth giue such slender welcome to our troups.

*Lod.* Your maiesty may well perceauce how feare,  
Add icaleous iudgement of a wounded conscience,  
Workes hard in *Alexander*.

*Asc.* And how foxe-like.  
(Houlding newtrality the surest gard)  
He coopes himselfe in Castle *Angelo*.

*Mon.* Pleaseth your maiestie to giue a summons,  
Vnto the Castle for some parliance,  
Vpon such articles as were set downe,

*Char.* Come we wil touch him, summon forth a parle.  
*sound drum answer a trumpet,*

*Enter Piccolomini vpon the walls.*

What office beare you marching on those walls,  
We made no summons to confer with you.

*Pic.* Most Christian prince pleaseth your mightines,  
I am Castillian of Saint *Angelo*, Vnder his Holines.

*Char.* To bid defiance to our forces?

*P.c.* Noe most gracious Lord.  
But to salute you from his Holines,

*Mom-*



# THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Mon.* What is he sicke?

*Pic.* Not very well dispos'd,

*S. Pe. ad vin.* Nor euer was, nor will be well dispos'd.

*Cha.* An other summons for his Holines, *Exit Piccol,*

*Sound drums, answere trumpet.*

*Alexander upon the walls in his pontificalls betwixt Caesar Borgia and Caraffa Cardinalls, before him the Duke of Candie bearing a sword, after them Piccolomini Gasperdefois.*

*Ale.* Most Christian *Charles*, here I salute your grace,  
Bidding you peaceably welcome to *Rome*,  
If you bring peace along with you to *Rome*.

*Char.* In filiall Loue I thanke your Holines,  
We litle thought it our most holy father,  
That our allegiance to the Church of *Rome*,  
Which we with all our predecessors tendred,  
Should haue enforc'd you to take sanctuary.

*Alex.* Sonne *Charles* know then we tooke not to this place,  
In feare as to some refuge or asyle:  
But for asmuch as news were brought in post,  
That you with all your forces did approach,  
Arm'd and in hostile manner to this City,  
The Conclaue thought it fit tendring the safty,  
Of holy Church, and sacred priuiledge,  
To know your meaning first, and then with pomp,  
To make your welcome in Saint *Peters* pallace,  
In the best fashion with due ceremonies.

*Char.* Know then most holy father what we would,  
Hauing in redious marcht from *France* thus far,  
Past with our forces God stil guiding vs,  
(As we be deeply bound by lawes of nature.  
And reason to worke surely for our right)  
We left noe busie doubts, nor obstacles,  
Which might preuent vs in our iust imprease,  
Hence was it that we did Capitulate,  
So strictly with the crafty *Florentines*,  
Whome we well knew fauour'd *Alphonsoes* part.  
And this made *Venice* ioyne in league with vs.  
Yet hauing notice that your Holines.

Both with *Alphonso* (that vsurpes my Crowne)  
And his sonne *Ferdinand* drue deeper in  
Vpon considerations of more weight;  
We thought it good to take *France* in our way.

*Lod.* And there to craue some certaine Cautions  
Of your indifferency to his iust title  
Had in the Crowne of *Naples*: therefore first  
We do require (if you these parties tender,  
(As your late letters did importe) yeeld vp  
In Caution of your good intent to *France*;  
This Castle which you now retaine against vs.

*Can.* Why *Ledowick*? the wethercocke is turnd,  
The winde stands faire, but how long will that hold?  
So may we put in hazard our whole Church  
The deere estate of Christes flock militant  
And bring confusion vnto Christendome.

*Alex.* So may you seaze vpon the Churches rights,  
If that we should referre all to your trust.

*Can.* This is Saint *Peters* bul-warke; for my parte  
Here I will die ere I surrender it.

*Cha.* Now find I true which comon bruite proclame  
Of your bad meanings and hypochrisie:  
But I referre your conscience to that Iudge  
Whom (if my conscience harbor any thought  
To wrong the Church of God, in any thing)  
I call in iustice to reuenge on me.

*Ca.* Renowned *Charles*, suppose we should surrender:  
How may we be secured that you will  
Restore it, after your impresse at *Naples*.

*Char.* The faith and honour of a Christian King.

*Ale.* Your faith & honor? stay most Christian *Charles*  
Men will not yeeld vp Castels vpon wordes  
Vnles their states, and liues grow desperate.

*Mount.* Why make we longer parlee with this Pope  
Whose false-hood is so much that neither oth,  
Nor honesty can purchase place with him.

*Lodo.* Who neuer yet in cause of consequence  
Hath kept his promise.

*Char.*



*Char.* Tell vs, will yee graunt?

*Alex.* What should we graunt most Christian King of *France*  
And tell me truly (were it your owne case)  
Whether you would (on such slight promises)  
Accord to such vneuen conditions?

*Char.* We did not thinke our royall promises  
Had beene so slightly censur'd in your heart:  
But since we finde your infidelities  
We must requite it with extremity,  
*Couzen Mountpanseir.*

*Mount.* My Lord.

*Char.* Forthwith cause ten brasse peeces with their shot  
And powder to be drawne out of *Saint Markes*;  
Such as you finde most fit for battery.  
You will not here vs now, we speake so low:  
Standing aloft you proudly scorne inferiors;  
Wee send our mindes, written in firy notes.

*Caraf.* Giue doubtfull answers, bee not peremptory  
Least through your heate, his rage exasperate.

*Cas.* Offer vnto him on his Princely word,  
The strength of *Terracina* for a pledge.

*Alex.* Victorious *Charles*, such is my trust and loue  
That neither feare of force nor violence  
Could any wayes induce me to suspect you.  
Hence came it that the portes of *Rome* were opened  
(At our behests) to giue you guestning.  
Accept vs therefore with our promises,  
Which we shall vnder hand and seale confirme  
Not any way to Crosse your action.

*Char.* If you will yeeld vp *Castell Angelo*  
Resolue vs presently without delaies?

*Cas.* Because it is *Saint Peeters Cittadell*  
The conclaue is in doubt to make surrender.

*Char.* You will not yeeld then?

*Can.* We cannot, nor wee will not yeeld it vp.

*Char.* Why then a parle with our ordinance.

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Sound drummes and trumpets : Alexander with his companie of  
the walles, ordinance goeing of (after a little skirmish within) hee  
summons from the Castell with a trumpet ; answere to it below;  
Enter Alexander vpon the walls as before.*

*Alex.* What come yee to make pillage of the Church,  
Which held you deere as her chiefe Champion?  
For beare your violence in the name of God:  
Fearing the scourge, and thunder from aboue,  
Our offers are both iust and reasonable.

*Ces.* Peeeces which are of more validity  
We meane to tender to your Maiesty.

*Char.* What are those peeeces you would tender vs.

*Alex.* To render presently the Cittadells  
Of Terracina, Ciuita Vecchia, and Spoletto.

*Char.* And we receiue them very thankfully.

*S. Pad. vin.* Our voices of the cōclaue passe, that Charles  
Shalbe posselt of Castell Angelo.

*As.* And if your meaning with your words accord  
We dare ingage our soules for resurrender.

*Ale.* Your soules? foh foh they stinck in sight of God & man,  
Your soules? why they be sould to Lucifer,  
Your consciences are of so large a last  
That you would sell Saint Peters Patrimony,  
As Esau did his heritage for broath.

*Pee. ad Vi.* Thou most prophaine & impious Moabite;  
So full of vices and abominable,  
No Pope but Lucifer in Peters Chaire.

*As.* Renowned Charles pull downe this Antichrist;  
Aduance some worthy father in his place,  
Your fame shall liue with all posterities  
VVho from a wicked Bishops tyranny  
Infranchised the Church of God misguided;  
Euen as (in this worlds worthy memories)  
The names of Pepin and King Charlemaine  
Your predecessors, were eternized  
For helping good Popes, Saints of Holy life,  
Out of vngodly persecutions.



*Lodo.* A Pope by nature full of fraud, and pride;  
Ambitious, auaritious, shameles, diuillish,  
And that and which your experience testifies)  
One that with mortall malice hates the *French*:  
By whome this reconciliation made  
Was more in feare, and hard necessity  
Then faithfull inclination, or good will.

*Alex.* *Israiot*, reprobate apostata,  
I charge thee to desist and make submission  
VWith pennance to the Mother Church of *Rome*  
On paine of euerlasting reprobation.

*Asca.* Blasphemous exorist, heere are no diuills  
VWhich thou canst coniure, with thy diuillish spirit,  
We charge thee render vp that triple Crowne  
Which most vngodly man thou dost vsurp.  
Those robes pontificall which thou prophanest,  
Saint *Peters* Chaire wherein like Antichrist)  
Thou doest aduance thy selfe thou man of sinne.

*Sa. P. ad Vi* Saint *Peeter* doth make challenge to those keyes,  
Which (in those hands desi'd with bloud and bribes)  
Thou like a prophane deputy dost hold.

*Ascan.* That sword (with which thou sholdst strike Antichrist)  
Thou like proud Antichrist conuerted hast  
Vpon the members of Christes chosen flocke;  
Saint *Paule* demaundes his sword, *Peter* his keyes:

*Alex.* Forbeare your blasphemies, what know yee not  
Christes Vicar generall chosen on earth?  
Haue not I power to binde and loose mens sinnes,  
And soules, on earth, in hell, and purgatory?  
Come take Saint *Peters* Chaire proud heretiks;  
Here take this triple Crowne, oh you would take it:  
But he, that made it, did not for you make it.

*Ascanio* thou wouldst haue these Golden keies;  
Here take them with my vengeance on thy head, *He throwes*  
And *Pseudo Paulus* would haue Saint *Paules* sword, his keyes.  
Ordained for his decollation.

Sonne *Charles* (since we capitulate with you)  
Me thinkes you should not suffer these t'affront vs.

*Char.*

*Char.* Forbear your idle velletations,  
 Anging and rubbing vp the festred scarres  
 Of wrath inueterate, and mortall quarrels,  
 We come not here to foster factions,  
 All are in one accorded, all are friends.  
 But yet most Holy-Father, let me craue,  
 Two fauours more, both very reasonable;  
 First that you pardon both these Cardinalls,  
 And other Barons which pertake with me.  
 Then that the brother of great *Baiset*,  
 That fled from *Rhodes* to *France*, and last to *Rome*,  
 With the protection of Pope *Innocent*  
 Call'd *Gemen Ottoman*, may be deliuer'd  
 Into my hands, when after-time shall serue  
 For my best vantage in those holy warres,  
 Which we pretend against the Turkes here-after.

*Alex.* The sunne shall neuer set vpon my wrath;  
 That Oylie Lampe of blessed Charitie  
 Shall not extinguish in my zealous heart:  
 He that knowes all, knowes this I cannot falter  
 With any brother, all are faithfull friends:  
 Be but submissiue, milde, and penitent,  
 And all is past, as all had beene well ment.  
 Now touching *Gemen Ottoman*, sonne *Charles*,  
 When you shall vndertake those godly warres,  
 I will deliuer him as willingly  
 As you demaund: and with a cheerefull heart,  
 Praising your godly zeale on Christs behalfe,  
 And praying for your good successe in warre.

*Char.* I thanke your Holynesse.

*Lodm.* These quarrels are as happily determined  
 As we could wish: call for an Actuarie,  
 And let a Charter *Bipartite* be drawne  
 Betwixt you: to confirme this amity.  
 And now most blessed Father I beseech,  
 That I may shew the duty which belongs  
 Vnto this place, and see Apostolick.

*Alex.* We will regreete your presence presently.



*Drums and Trumpets : Charles and his company make a garde, Gasper de Foys, Piccolomini, Cæsar, Caraffa, Cardinals, a Fri-  
er with a holy water-pot casting water ; the Duke of Candie with  
a sword, Altor Manfredy supporting Alexanders traine, all bow  
as the Pope marcheth solemnly through, who crosseth them with  
his fingers. Alexander being set in state, Cæsar Borgia, and Ca-  
raffa advance to fetch King Charles, who being presented unto  
the Pope, kisseth his foote, & then advancing two de rees higher,  
kisseth his cheek: then Charles bringeth S. Peter ad Vincula,  
and Ascanio, which with all reuerence kisse his feete, one of them  
humbly deliuering vp his Crosse-keyes, which hee receiueth, bles-  
sing them and the rest of Charles his company : The Drum and  
Fife still sounding.*

*Alex. Sonne Charles, your welcome is as acceptable,  
As euer was Kings presence into Rome :  
To morrow we will with the power of heauen,  
Together celebrate a solemne Masse :  
After the Senior, Bishop, Cardinall,  
You must take place : and as our custome is,  
Shall giue vs water when we celebrate :  
This done, we will bestow some time in pleasures.*

*A garde for the Cardinals, French King, Frier and Pope : Enter  
with a solemne flourish of Trumpets, after whom the  
garde troopeth, with Drums and Fife.*

*Enter Guicchiardine.*

*Heere leaue we Charles with pompous ceremonies,  
Feasting within the Vaticane at Rome :  
From hence to Naples, where the peoples hatred  
Conceiu'd against the former Kings, made way  
For him, without resistance to the crowne.  
This done, he marcheth back againe for France,  
And Ferdinand doth repossesse his state.  
Meane while King Charles sick of an Apoplexie,  
Dyes at Ambois : the Duke of Orleance,  
Lewis the twelfth conioyntly knitting force,*

*E*

*Doth*

Doth march in armes with *Ferdinand* of *Spaine*,  
 These to *gaine Naples* and deuide that realme,  
 But this breeds mortall warre betwixt them both,  
 The wily Pope dissembles at all hands,  
 The sequell onely concernes him and *Cesar*. *Exit.*

ACTVS. 3. SCÆ. I.

Enter *Astor*, *Manfredi* with *Phillippo*.

*Ast.* Brother *Phillippo* what auaieth it,  
 When our state lost the *Fauintines* compounded,  
 That I should hold both life and liberty,  
 Withall reuenues of my proper state,  
 When as my life within the Court of *Rome*,  
 Is much more loathsome to my soule then death,  
 And liberty more grieve then seruitude.

*Phil.* I rather choose within the riuer *Tiber*  
 To drowne my selfe, or from *Tarpayan* hill,  
 My vexed body to precipitate,  
 Then to subiect my body to the shame  
 Of such vild brutish and vnkindely lust.

*Ast.* He that with fire and Brimstone did consume  
*Sodome* and other Citties round about.  
 Deliuer vs from this soule-flaiding sinne.  
 To which our bodies are made prostitute,

Enter *Barnardo*.

*B. r.* Deare salutations from my Lord the Pope,  
 I recommend vnto your excellence,  
 With semblable remembrance of his loue,  
 To you my Lord *Phillippo*,

*Ast.* Good *Barnardo*.

My dutie bound vnto his Holynesse,  
 Returne in paiment from his Captiue seruant.

*Ber.* Ingenious Prince, I bring a friendly message  
 Of tender kindnesse, which I must impart:

*They draw them-selues aside.*

This Ruby from our Holy-fathers finger,  
 ( In priuate token of his faithfull loue )  
 He bid mee secretly deliuer you :

And



And there-wichall, desireth of your loue,  
To haue with him some priuate conference.

*Ast.* I was now going to our Ladies masse,  
In Saint *Iohn Laterans*; where my ghostly father  
Attendeth me for my confession.  
But thanke his Holynesse on my behalfe,  
In all due reuerence and humilitie.  
Tell him I meane--so soone as I returne, *pawse.*  
To come according to my bounden duty. *Exit Bar.*  
My case is desperate, what shall I doe?

*Phillippo*, was there euer any man  
Hunted with such vnsatisfied rage?

*Phil.* What hath he sent againe to visit you?

*Astor.* To visit me, nay to dishonor me,  
Behold this Ruby sent from his owne finger,  
Which as a Sawde inuirteth me to shame.

## SCENA. 2.

*Alexander out of a Casement.*

*Alex.* *Astor?* what *Astor?* my delight my ioy,  
My starre, my triumph, my sweete phantasie,  
My more then sonne, my loue, my Concubine,  
Let me behold those bright Stars my ioyes treasure,  
Those glorious well attempred tender cheekes;  
That specious for-head like a lane of Lillies?  
That seemely Nose loues chariot triumphant,  
Breathing *Parubaiian* Odors to my senses,  
That gracious mouth, betwixt whose crimosin pillon  
*Venus* and *Cupid* sleeping kisse together.  
That chin, the ball vow'd to the Queene of beauty,  
Now budding ready to bring forth loue blossoms,  
*Astor* *Manfredi* turne thee to my loue,  
Come hither *Astor* we must talke aboue.

*Astor.* Betraid? a slaue to sinne? what shall I say?  
Most Holy father.

*Alex.* Doe not mee forget:  
I am thy brother, and thy deere friend,  
And though in age I loue, know that desire

In riper yeares is pure and permanent,  
 Grounded on iudgement, flowing from pure loue :  
 Whereas the loue lightning from young desire,  
 Fiekle and feeble will not long hold fire,  
 It is so violent it will not last.

They'r blest whose louers loue when youth is past.

*Ast.* To call you friend were too familiar,  
 To call you brother sorts not with our yeares :  
 To call you Father doth import some feare,  
 Due to that age your Holinesse doth beare.

*Alex.* Tell me not of mine age and Holinesse,  
 Thy sight sufficeth me to make me young :  
 Neither vpbraide me with my sanctimonie,  
 Loue is the purest essence from aboue,  
 And to thy soule I would affix my loue.  
 Come hither then and rest with mee to night,  
 Giue me truition of those amorous pits,  
 Where blinded *Cupid* close in ambush sits :  
 Who with his Arrow (when thou laught at *Venus*)  
 Shot through thy smiling cheekes, and did inchain vs.  
 Thy Chamber with *Ambrosiall* odors breatheth,  
 New loues and true loues vnto them that entreateth,  
 And furious *Mars* made milde his Faulcheon sheatheth  
 At thy delicious aspect : see thy Chamber :  
 The walles are made of Roses, roose of Lillies,  
 Be not asham'd to mount and venture it,  
 Here *Cupids* Alter, and faire *Venus* hill is .  
 Thy bed is made with spice and *Calamus*,  
 With *Sinamond* and *Spicnard*, Arabick,  
 With *Opobalsam* and rich gums of *Egipt*,  
 Musick *Angelicall* of strings and voyces.  
 With sundry birds in sugred simphony,  
 Where whistling Wood-nimphes, and the pleasant choise is  
 Of Antique action mixt with harmony,  
 Attend thy ioyous entrance to this Chamber.

*Phil.* Is it possible that the Diuill can be so sweet a dissembler ?

*Ast.* Yes and play the pleasant part of a conceited *Amoret*,  
 For he can take the shape of a bright Angell.

*Alex.* Now



*Alex.* Now my sweet friend the ioyes of loue doth mutter  
Thy mind too bashfull is; speake tounge, loues vtter,  
Thy Corall gums cud loues pure quintifence,  
And thou thy selfe faire boy loues purest essence.

*Ast.* Oh blessed Heauens let Sathan tempt no longer,  
His force is powerfull yet thy strenght much stronger,  
He that with guilefull baites gilded vnruth,  
So seekes to blast the blossome of my youth.

*Alex.* Delicious fruites diuine Confectiones,  
Of heaibes, roots, flowers of fundrie fashions.  
Preseruatiues drawne from the rich *Elixar*,  
Of finest gould pure pearle and precions stones,  
Prouided for thy diuine apetite,  
Wines of more price (made by th' industrious art,  
Insacred distillations) then that *Nectar*,  
Which *Hebe* bare, when *Ioue* did most affect her.

*Phi.* Sathan false god of lies, and flatterie;  
How palpable is this grosse villaine?

*Alex.* What wilt thou come *Manfredi* to my Chamber,  
And blesse me with thy precious breath of Amber.

*Asto.* After our ladies Masse I will returne.  
Deare God what furies in his soule doe burne?  
After the Celebration of the Masse,  
I come my Lord.

*Exeunt Astor and Phillippo.*

*Alex.* Come then, and let that passe,  
Holla *Barnardo*?

*Alexander tinkith a bell.*

All busines for this night I will adiourne,  
Giue good attendance that at his returne,  
*Astor* may come to me for my sicke heart,  
Till *Astor* with his beauty full embrace,  
Doe blesse my body wounded with his dart,  
Can find no rest, loue hath it in hot chase.

ACT. 3. SCÆ. 2.

*Enter Cesar Borgia the Cardinall, and Fresco-  
baldy a ruffaine.*

*Ces.* Wilt thou performe it faithfully?

*Fre.* What I? will I liue to eate, to drinke, to sleepe?

*Ces.* Wilt thou performe it valiantly?

*Fre.*

*Fres.* Will I eate to drinke, will I drinke to sleepe, will I sleepe  
to liue?

*Cas.* Will t hou be secret, and conceale my plot?

*Fres.* My name is *Frescobaldi*, as for my pedigree,  
My mother was of consanguinitie with the Princeesse  
Of *Perugia*: my father of the noble family of the *Oddi*,  
*Florentine*: both: I my selfe

Brought vp a Page vnder *Rayner* King of *Sicily*,  
Haue seru'd against the *Turkes* and *Sarazinies*,  
Where at *Vienna* ( with my single Pike,  
Arm'd in a Maly *Briggandie* of *Naples*,  
And with an old-Fox which I kept in store,  
A monument of *Mars* when I depart)  
I did vnhorse there three *Turkie* Ianizaries.  
Then ( in the warres of *Ferdinand* the King )  
This Hippe was shott through with a Crocadile,  
But that it were too tedious I could shew you:  
Vnder the King of *Romaines* I was cut,  
Iust from this shoulder to the very pappe:  
And yet by fortunes of the warre am heere,  
I thanke God, and my Surgion all fix trillill,  
I fought at *Malta* when the towne was girt  
With Sargeants heads, and bul-beggars of *Turkie*:  
And by my plot ( immuge below the rampier )  
We gaue th' obgoblins leaue to scale our walls,  
And being mounted all vpon that place:  
I with my Lint-stock gaue fire to the traine,  
And sent them capring vp to *Capricornus*.  
Which when the wise Astronomers of *Greece*,  
Prodigiously discouered from a farre,  
They thought those *Turcaes* fiery meteors.  
Which with their Pikes were pashing in the clowds,  
The learned Booke-men write strange Almanacks,  
Of signes, and apparitions in the ayre:  
And by these honors ( if I proue a blabbe )  
Then call mee villaine, varlet, coward, skabbe.

*Cas.* Then tell mee *Frescobaldi*  
Where I may send to thee when time shall serue.

*Fris.* Faith



*Fresco.* Faith for the most parte my mansion is in *Cinidauerch<sup>a</sup>* nella strada di san lorenza, neie the conduct at a good olde Ladies house, *ladona sempronia* at signe of the glister pipe, where if you chance to faile of mee. Within three houses more at signe of the frying-panne you may commande mee, at all houres in the fore-noone.

*Cas.* Well gramercie *Frescobaldi* I wil take the note of those houses in my tables.

But be sure and ready when oportunitie calles vpon you.

*Fresco.* May it please your most reuerend grace (without offence to your Lordship) to deliuer me the preties name vpon whome I should performe this Tragedy. For I may parcase catch him in a gilder my selfe before you are aware; and moylie musle vp his maister ship, with the *garotta*, or *stiletto*. perchance the ponyard or pistol, such as I warrant you shal serue his turne.

*Cas.* Be it sufficient thou shalt know hereafter,  
My businesse and affaires are very great:  
One word more, and adue.

*He rowndeth with Frescobaldi.*

*Fre.* Secret as mid-night, sure as the sunne, quick as the waters

*Cas.* Why? so sayd braue *Frescobaldi* like a man of some resolution farewell remember the watchward--do not faile.

*Fresco.* My businesse and affaires are very great my gracious Lord, one word more with your grace my good Lord, and so I kisse your foote.

*He whispereth with Caesar.*

*Cas.* It was not ingratitude, neither forgetfulnesse in me *Frescobaldi*: Here take this and remember me.

*He deliuereth him a purse.*

*Fresco.* I encounter your munificence with my loue, and your loue with my seruice, my loue and seruice with your mony.

*Padrone mio molto honorato,*

More for your loue then your mony,

And yet your grace wel knowes, clothes must be wrought, weapons must be bought; and Tauerns must be sought, and all braue exploits must be done, as they should be done brauely.

*Cas.* But that I keepe my secret to my selfe;  
I would not vse this slaue for any gold:

Yet when I trust him he shall not decciue me.

*Exit Caesar.*

*Fresco.*

*Fresc.* Now skelder yee scounderels, skelder you maggot-mügers, you pompiös; you wood-wormes, you magatapipicoes, I am for you, now *Frescobaldi*, call thy wits together, let me now see what a clock it is: very neere eight, and almost breakfast time at a cleauen, this very night must I stand *Perdue* for this bloody seruice. I know my place and houre; I must confesse and perchance be hang'd, I haue in the *Burdelliaes* and in other such houses of naturall recreation and agility, receiued three or foure score broken pates in my time: and some bastinadoes for crossing courting spicy-spirited inamoratoes in their humors. Besides I was the first that from the *Swisse* quarter, in the raigne of king *Ferdinand* brought vp in his army the fashions of bow-sing and to vsing *Greeke* and *Spanish* wines by the flagon, with that old stinckard *Henrico Baglioni*, sometime *Alferoes* to *Capitaneo Piccolomini* & my selfe; I remember likewise at *Terracina* I broake a glasse (contayning some quart of *Robollia*) vpon the face of *Capitaneo Fransesco Boccanfacchi* a very sufficient soldier in that seruice, and to my knowledge a tall trencherman: howbeit from the teeth down-ward as base a mettrled coward, as euer was coyn'd out of the sooty side of a copper kettle; so he was: well I will second my Lord in any slaughter for his wages, and if any man will giue me better hiers (when I haue seru'd the *Cardinalls* turne) I will present my pistoll vpon his sacred person afterward for charities sake: well, now to the drinking schoole, then to the fence schoole, and lastly to the vaulting schoole, to my Lady *Sempronia*. *Exit.*

*Enter the Duke of Candie and Barbarossa.*

*Can.* This was an act of such strange consequence,  
As neuer yet was heard, a man found dead  
Within a priuate chamber of his house;  
When all his seruants stird: not one of them  
That could giue euidence of what befell  
But that he kill'd himselfe. *Cosa impossibile.*

*Bar.* I was the first that found him in his bloud;  
Then warme from slaughter: such a ruthfull sight  
As yet I tremble to remember it.

*Can.* It is impossible (after a search)  
No stranger found within *Visellies* doers,

But



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

But that some seruant of his family  
Should haue sure notice how the murther was,

*Bar.* It was his owne hand sure,

*Can.* I cannot thinke it.

The gentleman was honest, full of sport,  
And well affected,

*Bar.* Pardon me my Lord,  
My Ladie *Lucrece* told it in great griefe  
She twise before had rescued his life,

*Can.* Go too, go too.

*Bar.* Besides my Noble Lord.  
Papers both writ, and sealed with his hand  
Were found about him testifying this.  
*Can.* Good *Barbarossa* pray my sifter *Lucrece*,  
Here to encounter me with her good company:  
Somewhat I would in priuate talke with her.

*Bar.* My Lord I will.

*Exit Barb.*

*Can.* High God be mercifull.  
Thou that doest know the secrets of al hearts,  
If *Lucrece* (as my father doth suspect)  
Was priuie to this murther of my life

*Enter Lucrece Barb. with her.*

I can learne all she knowes.  
But yet I will not either suspect, or vrge her were it true  
Being indeede a violation of brother-hood & common huma-  
She maketh towards me—sister how faires it with you? (nity

*Luc.* As with a dead Corse in a Sepulcher  
Cold, liuelesse, comfortlesse, opprest with sorrow,  
Nor since my ioy did leaue me desolate  
Euer could I brooke well this open ayre  
But still lamenting and disconsolate  
Kept vp in Chamber, mourning for my Lord.

*Can.* What order tooke you for his funnerall?

*Luc.* He that aliue was shrined in my brest,  
Now dead liues yet intombed in my thoughts,  
There is a modell of it in my closet.

*Can.* Performe it decently with dilligence.

*Lu.* Brother me thinkes the ayre is cold and raw,

And as you please let vs conferre within.

*Can.* Gladly deere sister with what hast you may,  
And I desire you noble *Barbarossa*  
To meete vs at my Chamber after supper.  
My brother *Cesar* hath appoynted with me  
Some businesse, and I craue your company.

*Bar.* Thankes my good Lord: but matters of much moment,  
I haue at that time with my Lord *Caraffa*;  
And I must speake this night with my Lord *Cesar*.

*Can.* Tell him I will attend by nine of clocke.

*Bar.* I will my good Lord.

*Can.* Farewell *Barbarossa*.

*Bar.* Ioy to you both.

*Exit Barbarossa.*

*Can.* My trembling liuer throbs, my cold hearts heauy;  
My mind disturbed and I know not why  
But all as he will, heauens aboue for me. *Exeunt omnes.*

### SCEN. 5.

*Enter Frescobaldi solus.*

*Fres.* This is the black night, this the fatall hand:  
These are the bloody weapons which must be  
Witnesse and actors of this Tragedy.  
Now *Frescobaldi* play thy masters prize:  
Here is a rich purse cram'd with red crusadoes  
Which doth inspire me with a martiall spirit,  
Now could I combate with the diuill to night.  
First did I wash my liuer, lungs, and heart.  
In *Cretane* wines and head strong *Maluesie*  
(Such as would make a coward fight with *Mars*)  
Then least I should with any weapons drawne  
Be driuen to danger of mine enemy;  
I practised my martiall seiects of fence:  
As for example if with armes vnsheath'd,  
I were to kill this conduct here I come. *he fenceth.*  
He makes a thrust, I with a swift passado,  
Make quick auoydance, and with this stoccado  
(Although he fence with all his finest force)  
Bar'd of his body thrust him in the throate.  
*Guardateui bene, signori honoreuoli.*

Suppose



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Suppose this conduict or my duellist,  
Should falsifie the foine vpon me thus.  
Here will I take him, turning downe this hand.

*Enter Henrico Baglioni looking earnestly  
vpon Frescobaldi.*

*Il punto verso indrizzato, thus.*

Admit he force me with his ambroccado  
Here I deceiue then, with this passado  
And come vppon him in the speeding place.

*Bag.* what *Mandragon* or saluage *Ascapart*,  
what *Pantaconger* or *Pantagruell*  
Art thou that fightest with thy fathers soule  
Or with some subtill apparitions.  
Which no man can behould with mortall eyes  
Or art thou rauished with bedlamy  
Fighting with figments and vaine fantazies  
Chimeraes or blacke spirrits of the night.

*Fresc.* Come not within 9. furlongs of this place.  
My name is *Rubosongal* the grimme ghost  
Of *Bembocamber* king of *Calicute*.  
And here for this night I keepe centrenell  
For *Muscopateron* great king of flyes;  
Great grandfier of ten thousand hecatombes.

*Bag.* I Coniure thee fowle fiende of *Acheron*  
By puissant *Hoblecock* and *Bristletoe*,  
By *Windicaper Monti-bagglebo*.  
*Polipotmos* and the dreadfull names  
of *Mulli-sacke* and *Hermocotterock*.  
By *Petronidemi*, by the dogged spirrits  
Of *Bacchus* which *Canaryland* inherrits.  
By purple *Aligant* the bloody gyant.  
And leaden headed hollock pure and pliant.  
By *Birrha Martia* and by *Sydrack* sweete  
Who did with mathew *Glynne* in combat meete.  
And by this awfull crosse vppon my blade  
Of which black cures and hedghogges are affraid.  
And by this fox which stinkes of *Pagan* bloud,  
Do'st thou walke there for mischiefe or for good.

*Fres.* Braue man whose spirit is approued well,  
 (As most aprooued panders truly tell)  
 Vnder greene hedges, vnder Coblers stalles,  
 In portall, porches, vnder batterd walles,  
 Which day; by night keepe watch-full centinell  
 To guaze the pleasures of faire *Claribell*  
 Profane arch patriark of *Pancridge* steeple,  
 The bauldy beaken of vngodly people.  
 With other matter which I might alleadge  
 To the Grand Captaine of *Collman-hedge*,  
 Marching fowle *Amazonian* trulls in troupes  
 Whose lanthornes are still lighted in their Poupes.  
 Some without kerchiefes, others with torne smockes;  
 Certaine imboch'd with piles, and some with poxes.  
 Others with rotten shooes and stockings rent  
 With carrine in each ditch keepe parliament.  
 In petticotes all patch'd and wast-coate torne,  
 And wandring with some ragge blesse euery thorne.  
 Which with their Targets neuer make retire,  
 From any breach till they their foemen fire.  
 Rebating the stiffe pointes of their keene blades  
 Till a'l their champions masculiue proue lades.  
 To thee saith *Frescobaldi* case thy steele  
 Least thou the rigor of my furie feele.

*Bag.* And yet I loue thee for thy martiall grace,  
 Thine in all seruice: shake hands and embrace.

*Fresc.* A pox vpon thy coward fistes foule knaue,  
 And yet I loue thee roague: aske roague and haue.

*Embrace fantastically.*

*Bagb.* Come and embrace: tis blich when malt e-men meete,  
 And drinke till they haue lost both head and feete.  
 And driueling sleepe on euery stall and bench  
 With euery man a knee in his hand and in his Can a prettie  
 But *Frescobaldi* my braue *Bodigonero*, (wench.  
 Varlet of veluet, my moccado villaine,  
 Old heart of durance, my stript canuase shoulders,  
 And my Perpetuana pander tell me;  
 Tell me what humors Cataplasmatick,

Excited



Excited haue thy *Bacchiick* fantasies:  
To draw that triumphant swerlildido,  
Vpon some spirit of the Buttery,

*Fris.* This was no barmie spirit of the bottle,  
It was a bloody spirit of the battell:  
And if I lye, call me thy Wimble-cock.

*Bag.* A mouldy iest, well I will answere thee:  
I coniure thee by *Negra Luciaes* name,  
By *Dol Patteni*, by the subtill shape,  
Of *Nanna Baliker*, by the cunning sleights  
Of *Vini Clerilicks* with hir faire sprights:  
By *Mega Court*, with *Marga Marichalus*,  
That in *Turnuliball* doth keepe an Ale-house:  
By *Nan Rinehomo* that hote stigmatist,  
Now bedded with th' *Italian* Vitraillist,  
Which in the fierie *Phlegitonian* flames,  
Did worke strange vitriall dildidoes for Dames,  
Her spirits haue no power to touch this strand.  
Till they transported from *Lambechia* land,  
By *Charon* Ferriman of *Black Auerne*,  
Fall Anchor at the *Stilliard* Tauerne,  
And by *Tartarean* *Plutoes* *Heben* bowle,  
Why didst thou combate with thy Fathers soule?

*Fres.* Learned Magitian, skild in hidden Artes,  
As well in prior as posterior parts,  
I see thou kennist the secrets of all forts,  
Of sharpe sringues and salacious sports:  
Venerall Buboes, Tubers Vlcerous,  
Aud *Iaines* *Desficanckers* venemous.  
Doubtlesse *Don Vigo* then his vigor pour'd  
Into thy braines, when he thy bottle scour'd.  
Noble *Henrilico* question no further,  
My meditations are of bloud and murther,  
I ieaisted haue too long, pree-thee be gone.  
*Henrico Baglioui* (by this sword)  
I am to morrow to performe a duell,  
And practising in this nights melancholie,  
How to dispatch it with a braue stoccadoe.

Heere I did make a prooffe, prithie good-night,  
 Trouble me now no more : early to morrow,  
 Ile march vnto the signe oth frying-panne, |  
 And take thee timely with thy pointes vntrust,  
 To drinke a flagon of grecke wine with thee.

*Bag.* Goodnight my noble *Rillibilbibo*,  
 Thou shalt be welcome in the darkeſt midnight. *Exit Bagli.*

*Friſ.* Now to my watchword it is quight forgot, oh  
*Col nuuolo la Pioggia* : thinke vpon it

*The clocke ſtrikes eleuen.*

This is mine hower appoynted, this the place,  
 Here will I ſtand cloſe till tha'llarum call,

*he ſtands behind the poſt.*

*Enter a Page with a torche, Duke of Candie and  
 Caſar Borgia diſguiſed.*

*Can.* What iſt a clocke boy now?

*Pag.* My gracious Lord,  
 By *Siſtoes* horologe tis ſtrooke eleuen.

*Caſa.* A fit hower for our purpoſe noble brother,

*Can.* But hath *La Bella formiana* notice,  
 Of our aproch to night.

*Caſ.* Oh doubt it not, villaine put out that torch,  
 Being diſguiſ'd we will not be diſcryed,  
 Depart you to my lodging preſently,  
 Paine of thy life not one word that thou ſaw vs.

*The boy  
 putteth out  
 the torch.  
 Exit page.*

*Can.* Tis very darke, good brother goe before,  
 You know the ſtreets beſt.

*Caſa.* Oh keepe your way; you cannot lightly fall,  
 But if you doe.

*Can.* How then.

*Caſa.* You ſhalbe ſupported.

*Can.* My heart begins to throb, my ſoule miſdoubts,  
 I feare ſome treachery *A che me fido, guarda me Dio*,  
 On in Gods name.

*Caſ.* Giue me your hand brother, ſie doe not faint.

*Can.* Caſar I can ſearſe goe,  
 A ſuddaine qualme hath ſeaz'd vpon my ſpirits.

*Caſ.*



THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Cas.* Tut brother forward with alacritie,  
My life for yours youle be at ease anon,

*Can.* Tis a foule busines let vs retire,  
And seeke some other season for our sports,

*Cas.* I am asham'd thou should'st be generall,  
To lead those forces that fight for the Church,  
And heere shew such faint harted cowardize.

*Can.* Are you d'spos'd to quarrell in the streets,  
Neither the time nor place serues instantly;  
To call you to some audit for these words.

*Cas.* Abortiue Coward borne before thy time, *Cæsar trips up*  
I will not brooke thy foolish insolence. *Candies heels.*

*Col nuuolo la pioggia.*

*Cæsar and Frescobaldi stab him.*

*Can.* Deere God reuenge my wrongs, receaue my soule.

*Cas.* Let him receaue thy soule when he thinkes good,  
He take an order for thy buriall.

Helpe *Frescobaldi* let vs heaue him ouer,  
That he may fall into the riuer *Tiber*,  
Come to the bridge with him.

*Fres.* Be what he will the villaine's ponderous,  
Hath he some gould about him shall I take it?

*Cas.* Take it were there a million of duckets,  
Thou hast done brauely *Frescobaldi*,  
Stretch thee, stretch out thine armes feare that he  
Fall not vpon the arches.

*Fres.* He wash him doubt you not of a new fashion.

*Cas.* I thinke thou neuer hadst thy Christendome,  
Follow for Company prenitious villaine.

*Fres.* Hold hold, Coxwounds my Lord hold,

*Cas.* The diuell goe with you both for company.

*Cæsar casteth Frescobaldi after*

*Cæsar solus.*

Now *Cæsar* Muster vp thy wittes together.  
Summon thy sences and aduance thy selfe,  
Ware and Earth haue interpos'd their bodies,  
Betwixt the worldes bright eye and this blacke murther.

*sweete*

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Sweete silent night ( guarded with secret starres )  
Keepe silence, and conceale this Tragedie :  
*Saturne* is lord ascendant of this hower,  
Propitious patron of assassins  
Of murthers, *Paracides*, and massacres :  
Lord of my birth, auspicious to my life,  
This is my first degree to domination.  
Who can, or ( if they could ) who dare suspect,  
How *Cesar Borgia* kild his brother *Candie* ?  
This is infallible, that many crimes  
Lurke vnderneath the robes of Holinesse :  
And vnderneath my Purple tunicle  
This fact concealed is : *Ascanio Sforza*  
Shall strangely ( by some wilie policies )  
Be brought into suspect for *Candies* death.  
Sister *Lucretia* thou must follow next :  
My fathers shame and mine, endeth in thee.  
Now shew thy selfe true *Cesar* ; *Cesar* shall  
Either liue *Cesar* like, or not at all.

*Guicchiardine.*

Death and bloud onely lengthen out our Scene.  
These be the visible and speaking shewes,  
That bring vice into detestation,  
Vnnaturall murthers, cursed poysonings,  
Horrible exorcisme, and Inuocation,  
In them examine the rewarde of sinne.  
What followes, view with gentle patience.

### ACT. 4. SCÆ. 1.

*Alexander in his studie beholding a Magicall glasse  
with other obseruations.*

Alex. Fore-god 'tis *Candie*, 'tis *Candy*, I know 'tis *Candie*,  
Where is that traiterous homicide? where is hee?  
I cannot see him: hee shall not scape me so.  
I must and will finde him, though he went inuisible,

Appare,



Apppeare appeare; not yet; ha and Candy murthered too,  
Let me looke forth.

Alexander commeth upon the Stage out of his study with  
a booke in his hand.

Oh, oh, very good very good: well I perfectly peceiue.  
By this descention of *Arctophilax*,  
What time of night it is, sorrow giue place;  
Reuenge in blood and fierie sacrafice,  
Commaundeth: nature now preuents her current: yeeld,  
Let vs adore the second eye of heauen, *he boweth his bodie.*  
Bright *Armatas* increaseth she, is not combust.  
O sacred season for nocturnall Ceremonies.  
This ioyeous quarter is in *Casmaran.ha.* *he looketh on a watch.*  
What hower of night ist? why tis *Salem*, twelue a cloke,  
What are our angells this quarter?

*Gargatel Taniel Ganiel.*

How goodly these augurize faire auspices of truth,  
Now mountes bright *Athaman* in his goulden ascention,  
Direct in opposition with our hemispher, *he tinketh on a bell.*

And now there hower with them is *Aetalon*:

*Bernardo* bring hither thy white robes of sanctity,  
Hast thou Coles ready burnt bring in my Thurible,  
And sence about this sanctified place,  
For heere *Festatini* must haue her honor.

*Candie* my sonne is murthered, *Candie* my sonne,  
*Candie* my sonne is murthered: I will raise

All the great diuills to shew the murtherer,  
Euen as thou lou'dst my sonne hast and dispatch,  
Hast and dispatch it as thou louest my soule.

Tis not yet *yawne* by three quarters of an hower,  
What are our Angels of this night? *Michael, Dardael, Huratipel*

In a triumphant carre of burning gold,  
Crownd with a circlet of blacke hebeny,  
And with a mace of Iet King *Varca* rides.

Attended with his ministers of state, *Andas* and *Cynaball*.  
Fit dismall times for our solemnities.

*Enter Bernardo.*

Put on my robes giue me my Pentacle,

Cense well *Barnardo* : bring me some fire in an earthen vessell  
Now must I labour like a collyers horse.

*After Bernardo had Censed he bringeth in coles, and Alexander fashioneth out his circle then taketh his rod.*

My pretious best approu'd and trusty seruant,  
Hence in all hast be-take thee to thy beads,  
Whilst these darke workes of horror are in hand,  
*Red Sandall* is my fumigation.

*standing without the circle he wauneth his rod to the East.*

And calleth vpon  
To the West.  
To the North.  
To the Sowth.



VIONATRABA.

SUSERATOS.

AQVIEL.

MACHASAE.

*Coniuro, et confirmo super vos in nomine Eye, eye, ey; hast vp & ascende per nomen ya, ya, ya; he, he, he; va; hy, hy; ha, ha, ha; va, va, va; an, an, an;*

*Fiery exhalations lightning thunder ascend a King, with a red face crowned imperiall riding vpon a Lyon, or dragon: Alexander putteth on more perfume and saith.*

I coniure thee by these aforesaid names,  
That thou receaue no phantasmatike illusions.

*Dine.* What would great *Alexander* haue with vs,  
That from our fiery region millions of leagues,  
Beneath the sulphurous bottome of *Abisse*,  
Where *Mammon* tells his euer tryed gould,  
Thou call'st me from strong busines of high state,  
From sure subuersions and mutations  
Of mighty Monarches, Emperors, and Kings,  
From plotting bloody feilds and massacres,  
Triumphant treasons and assassins,  
Whats thy demand?

*Alex.* I charge thee by the fower recited names,  
And by the dreadfull title of great *Phaa*.  
By which all creatures are sure sealed vp,  
By which the prince of darknes and all powers,  
In earth and hell doe tremble and fall downe,  
Shew me the shape of that condemned man,  
Which murdered my sonne the duke of *Candy*.

*Dinal*



THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Diu.* Keepe a firme station stir not for thy life,  
Expect a messenger of trust stand fast,

*The diuell descendeth with thunder and  
lightning and after more exhalations  
ascends another all in armor.*

*Dine.* Sent from the foggy lake offearefull stix.  
Am I comaunded by that puissant monarch,  
Which rides tryumphing in a charriot,  
On misty blacke clouds mixt with quenchles fire,  
Through vnquoth corners in darke pathes of death,  
To doe what thou demandest.

*Alex.* Then by the dreadfull names of *Amioram*,  
*Titepand Sadai* shew me that damned childe of reprobation,  
Which this night murdered the duke of *Candie*.

*Diui.* Keepe a firme station stir not for thy life,

*He goeth to one doore of the stage, from  
whence he bringeth the Ghost of Candie  
gastly haunted by Caesar persuing and  
stabing it, these vanish in at another doore.*

*Alex.* Hold, hold, hold, hold; per todos santos now no more,  
*Caesar* hath kill'd a brother and a father.

*Dine.* What wouldest thou more shall I descend?

*Alex.* Shew me the person by whose impious hand,  
*Gismond Viselli*, was done to death?

*Dene.* Keepe a firme station stirre not for thy life.

*He bringeth from the same doore Gismond Viselli, his wounds  
gaping and after him Lucrece undrest, holding a dagger fix't  
in his bleeding bosome: they vanish.*

*Alex.* Out, out, no more no more, my soule disolues.

*Deni.* Say, say what wouldest thou more? discend,

*Alex.* *Beldachienfis, Berolanensis, Helioren, discende, discende,  
iubeo, mando, impero.*

*Denill descendeth with thunder. &c.*

*Enter Bernardo.*

*Alexauder tinketh his bell,*

*Alex.* Out out alas *Bernardo* I am wounded,  
With grisly wounds and deepe incurable.

*Ber.* Comfort your selfe in Gods name blessed father,  
See long as noe wounds of the body bleed.

THE DUTIES CHARTER.

*Alex.* The cureles wounds I meane are of my body  
Wounds both of my soule and body:but *Bernardo*  
This is my comfort in calamity  
Some shall packe after them for company  
Whats a clocke?

*Barn.* Very neere six by Saint *Peters* bell

*Alex.* Hast thee,then passe thee to my *Poticary*, bid him  
prouide those drugges I spoke for yester-day, and beare them in  
all hast to *Dominico Giglio* take you those letters with you  
which are here, bid him deliuer them *Lodowick Sforzaes* name  
her lustfull Paramoure; make hast and see that he dispatch it  
quickly, deliuer him a purse from mee for a token cramd with  
two hundred ducates, bid him bee secreat as he loues his life,  
hast and begon.

*Exit Bernardo.*

*Astor* shall follow, I must haue his Lands  
This thorne must be cut of being but tender  
Then cut it soone whilst it is yong and slender.  
Least growing great it prick thee to the bone  
My lust importunes it and he shall die,  
Sonne, Nephewes, Daughters, Concubines, shall die.  
My conscience is turn'd mercies enemy,  
He that would rise to riches and renowne  
Must not regard though he pull millions downe.

*Exit Alexander into the studie.*

SCEN. 2.

*Enter Caesar Borgia with Caraffa  
and Bentiuoli.*

*Cas.* Where is his Holinesse? where is my father?  
Alas your Sonne is slaine; your haples Sonne,  
My noble brother out alas, alas  
Is murthered: in tender passion  
Let curious search and inquisition  
Be made through *Rome* to finde the murtherers:  
I feare that Traitrous *Iudas* Cardinall  
*Ascanio Sforza* with his complecies:  
I will not hould fraternity with him:  
And here behold my meaning blessed father:  
Receiue againe these robes, take here this hat,

And



And in these armes which I haue buclcd on  
I do forswearc al offices of Church,  
Vntill I be reuenged for his death.

*He disrobeth himselfe and appeareth in armor.*

*Alex.* A foule red vengeance ouer hangs his head  
Whose heart indurate or whose diuillish braine,  
Could execute conceiue or meditate  
So foule a murther of an Innocent.

*Caraffa* with *Bentiuoli* giue leaue  
Some-what I would in priuate haue with *Cesar*.

*Cesar* desemble not for that were vaine      *Exeunt Car. et Ben.*  
Whence comest thou.

*Cas.* Directly from my Chamber.

*Ale.* Where didst thou here this newes.

*Cas.* Fishers which found his body brought the newes.

*Alex.* Then he was droun'd *Cesar* was he not?

*Cas.* It seemes he was.

*Alex.* What by some Fisher.

*Cas.* How should I know that.

*Ale.* Sure by some subtile Fisher that layd nets  
For *Candies* life and honor: but say truly,  
Was it thy brother.

*Cas.* Are not you my father?

*Ale.* Ah that I neuer had beene any father,  
But speake againe, man speake the truth and feare not:  
Who slew thy brother *Candie* this last night,  
Who traind him forth who walk'd along with him.

*Cas.* Am I the keeper of my brothers person.

*Alex.* Execrable *Cain*; perfidious Homecide,  
Apparant villaine what canst thou designe?  
Which I would know that thou canst hide from me.

*Cas.* A plague vpon your diuills you deale with them,  
That watch more narrowly to catch your soule  
Then he which sought my brother *Candies* death,  
You know that *Sathan* is the lord of lies  
A false accuser and desembler,  
Tell your false liers they be lying Diuils.

*Alex.* *Cesar* no more, *Cesar* no more, thou knowst.

*Cas.* What know I?

*Alex.* That I know, dissemble not.

*Cas.* Suppose you know, suppose in wrath & fury  
I killd my brother; can we mend it now?

He was not fashion'd for these busie times:

He rests in peace, our peace rests in our swords.

*Alex.* *Cas.* thou do'st vnkindly vex my soule,  
With rubbing vp my secret miseries:  
Incur'd by seeking to lift vp thy head.

*Cas.* Pull me not downe good father with your conscience:  
Your conscience, father of my conscience is.

My conscience is as like your conscience,

As it were printed with the selfe-same stampe.

I know my sinnes are burthenous, and beare them,

Your sinnes more hainous, yet your robes conceale them.

*Alex.* Out wicked and nefarious homicide.

*Cas.* Vpbraid me not, for if that Lampe burne dimme,

Which should giue light to men in darkest night;

How can they choose but must in shaddowes erre,

That followv the blind-glimering thereof:

Doth this one petty fault appeare so grieuous?

Which if you vvell consider is no fault;

He vvas an honest man, and fitt for heauen:

Whilste he liu'd here he breath'd in miserie;

And vwould haue beene enlarg'd: I set him free.

Nowv if I may compare your state vvith his,

Or your condition vvith my qualitie,

Haue you not sold your selfe vnto the Diuill,

To be promoted to the Papacie:

Haue you not sould the liuings of the Church?

Are not your coffers cram'd vvith beastly bribes,

With foule extortion, and base Vsury?

Haue yee not (since your inauguration)

Poysoned and done to death six Cardinals;

In diuinish auarice to get their goods?

Haue you not (vvhich is most abhominable)

Committed incest vvith your onely daughter;

And made me sinne vvith her for company,

That



That both might raigne in hell for company?  
 Did you not take of *Georgio Bucciardo*  
 One hundred thousand Ducats from the *Turke*,  
 To kill his brother *Gemen Ottamon*?  
 Haue you not kept the Pearle of *Italie*,  
 After *Manfredi* that young vertuous Prince,  
 In beastly luit, and filthy *Sodomie*,  
 Blasting the blossome of his toward youth?  
 Haue you not now giuen order for the death  
 Of my deere Sister, whom your passions caus'd  
 To kill her latter husband *Di Viselli*,  
 And robd the noble Earle of his new spowse,  
 Onely to cloake your vile impiety,

*Ale. Caesar* the Diuill hath bin thy Schole-maister.

*Ces.* I passe your seeret counsell with the diuill,  
 Your Auarice, ambition, perfidie,  
 Your bloudie plots, inhumane crueltie,  
 Why then vpbrayd yee mee with *Candies* death?  
 A bastard of our house, degenerate,  
 In whom no sparke or spiracle of honor,  
 Appear'd to raise the race of *Borgia*.  
 But had I beene Lieutenant of your forces,  
 This arme had conquer'd all *Romania*,  
*France* before this had trembled, *Spaine* had stoop'd,  
 The *Romaine* Emperor had faun'd vpon vs.  
 King *Charles* had beene restrain'd, *Frederick* expuls'd,  
 And *Naples* had beene made our heritage.

*Alex.* A triple ioy succeeds a single griefe,  
 I haue engag'd all to make *Cesar* great,  
*Cesar* it suteth with thy grace and glory,  
 To cloake my vices, I will pardon thine,  
 Let one of vs excuse an others crimes,  
 And for this bloody fact so lately done,  
 As thou didst cunningly begin proceed,  
 To lay the guilt or imputation  
 On them whose death may doe thee benefit:  
 And neuer was my soule better contented,  
 Then that our woes are with rich hopes preuented.

*Ces.* Now

THE DIVIDES CHARTER.

*Cæs.* Now stands *Romania* subiect to my sword,  
*Imola furli, Camerine, and Urbine*  
 Shall haue the first charge, if I there succeed,  
 Haue forward farther with a better speed,  
*Cæsar o nullo* written in my guydon,  
 When with my troopes victoriously I ride on.

*Alex.* Holla *Bernardo*, call in *Caraffa* with *Bentiuoly*: *Enter*  
*Ay now now now, my precious boy, my Cæsar,* *Barn:*  
 Prosecute as thou hatt begunne,  
 With Arte, looke fullaine and demure,  
 Hold downe thy head, like one swolne vp with sorrow,

*Enter Caraffa with Bentiuoly.*

They come, they come, say that those armes were put on,  
 In reuenge of *Candies* death.

The foueraigne medicine of things past cure,  
 Is for to beare with patience and forget,  
*Cæsar* hath vowde reuenge for *Candies* death,  
 And in regarde of *Cæsars* piety,  
 I make him generall in his brothers place.

*Cæs.* And neuer shall I sheath this sword in peace  
 Till it haue wrought vpon the murtherer.

*Caraf.* Happy successe accompany my Lord,  
 And in your battles giue you victory.

*Bent.* Is order taken for his funerals.

*Cæs.* *Bentiuoli* take you no thought for that,  
 That is the greatest care, which troubles me.

*Alex.* Come on my Lords, we will aduise within,  
 For I must haue your counsels in my griefe. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. 3.

*Enter Lucretia richly attired with a Vyol*  
*in her hand.*

*Luc.* Kinde *Lodowike* hadst thou presented me,  
 With *Persian* clothes of gold or *Tinsilry*,  
 With rich *Arabian* Odors, pretious stones,  
 Or what braue women hold in highest price,  
 Could not haue beene so gracious as this tincture,  
 Which I more valew then my richest iewels,

Oh



Oh *Motticilla*.

Enter *Motticilla*.

Bring me some mixtures and my dressing boxes,  
This night I purpose priuately to sup  
With my Lord Cardinall of *Capua*.

Enter two Pages with a Table, two looking glasses, a box with  
Combes and instruments, a rich bowle.

Bring me some blanching water in this bowle. Exit *Motti*.  
*Shee looketh in her glasse.*

Here I perceiue a little riueling  
Aboue my for-head but I wimple it  
Either with iewels or a lock of haire,  
And yet it is as white as the pure snow:  
O God when that sweet *Marques Mantona*,  
Did in *Ferrara* feast my Lord and mee,  
What rich comparifons and similies,  
He with ingenious fantasie deuif'd,  
Doting vpon the whitenesse of my browes?  
As that betwixt them stood the chaire of state,  
Compos'd of luorie for the *Paphian* Queene:  
Sitting in comfort after amourous conquest.  
And kist my for-head twenty thousand times.  
Oft haue I wisht the coulour of this haire  
More bright, and not of such a *Spanish* dye,  
And yet the Duke of *Bourbon* on his knees,  
As the diuineft fauour of this world,  
Did beg one lock to make a Bracelet,  
For which few haire he garnished my head  
With Iewels worth six thousand crownes at least.  
My beaming eyes yet full of Maiefty,  
Dart loue, and giue bright luster to the glasse,  
As when the sunne beames touch a Diamond.  
The Prince of *Salerne* solemnly did sweare,  
These eies were quiuers which such shafts did beare  
That were so sharpe, and had such fierie touch,  
As *Cupids* Arrowes neuer had so much,  
The Rosie Garden of these amourous cheekes,  
My nose the gracious forte of conquering loue,  
Breathing attractiue odors to those louers

H

That

That languish and are vanquish't with desire,  
*Gonzaga* calleth it the siluer pearch,  
 Where *Venus* turtles mutuall pleasure search.  
 Sweet mouth the Ruby port to Paradise  
 Of my worlds pleasure from whence issue forth,  
 Many false brags, bold sallies, sweet supplies,  
 A chinne the matchles fabricke of faire nature,  
 A necke two brests vpon whose cherry nipples.  
 So many sweet solcions *Cupid* suckt,  
 Giue me some blanching water in this bzule,  
 Wash my face *Motticilla* with this cloth,  
 So tis well, now will I try these collours.  
 Giue me that oyle of *Talck*,  
 Take sarfnet *Motticilla* smooth my forehead,

*She looketh in two glasses and beholdeth her body.*

I must delay this colour is it carnation right,

*Mot.* Oh the true tincture of a damask rose,

*Luc.* What is it excellent.

*Mot.* Most full of life.

And madame thats a pretious liniment,

As euer I beheld to smooth the browes.

*Luc.* I will correct these arches with this mullet,

Plucke not to hard, belecue me *Motticilla*,

You plucke to hard.

I feele a foule stincke in my nostrills,

Some stinke is vehement and hurts my braine,

My cheekes both burne and sting giue me my glasse.

Out out for shame I see the blood it selfe,

Dispersed and inflamed, giue me some water.

*Motticilla rubbeth her cheekes with a cloth.*

*Lucretia looketh in the glasse.*

My braines intoxicate my face is scalded.

Hence with the glasse : coole coole my face, rancke poyson,

Is ministred to bring me to my death,

I feele the veniue boyling in my veiaes.

*Mot.* Ah me deere Lady ; what strang leoprosie?

The more I wash the more spreads on your face.

*Lucr.*



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Luc.* Send to my father; call phisitions in,  
Oh *Candie* where art thou my comforter,  
Dead and intomb'd; *Lucrece* must follow thee,  
I burne I burne, oh where is my deere Lord.  
My braines are seard vp with some fatall fire.

*Exit Motti*

*Enter a servant and Phisition with Motticila.*

*Ser.* Deere Lady cheere your selfe, be not disinayd,  
His Holines in hart hath sent releife:  
His owne Phisition to recomfort you.

*Luc.* For our deere Ladies passion bring some water to coole  
my thirst.

*Phi.* Madam you may not drinke,  
Till you receave this one preseruatiue.

*Luc.* A foule vnfauorie loathsome stinke chokes vp  
My vitall sences: and a boyling heat  
suppes vp the liuely spirit in my lungs.

*Phi.* This poyson spreads and is incurable,  
Madame receiue one precious antidote.

*Luc.* What haue I caught you *Sforza*,  
Who painted my faire face with these foule spots,  
You see them in my soule deformed blots,  
Deliuier me from that murthered man,  
He comes to stab my soule I wounded him,  
Oh *Gismond Gismond* hide those bleeding wounds;  
My soule bleeds drops of sorrow for thy sake;  
Looke not so wrathfull I am penitent,  
Loue and remorse did harbour in thine hart,  
What doest thou becken to me I will come,  
And follow thee through millions of woes.

*Phi.* Sweet Lady will you take a little rest,  
It will refresh your spirits instantly.

*Luc.* No rest vntill I see my Lord againe.

*Mot.* Deere Lady doe you loue your life, take rest,

*Shee taketh hold of Motticila.*

*Luc.* From the pure burning coles of true contrition.  
Me thinkes I see the liuely counterfet,  
Of catiue *Cressed* in her misery,  
Ingenderd out of hir disloyalty,

# THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Ah *Moticilla* whome I trained vp  
In cunning sleights and snares of filthinesse,  
Forgiue me for that sinne; liue and repent.

*Mot:* Oh God forgiue me for my sinnes are great,  
And if his goodnesse lend my life some space,  
I will with pernanee call on him for grace,  
And spend the remnant of my life in prayer.

*Luc:* I can no more, death summoneth my soule,  
Open thy bosome father *Abraham*,  
Mercyfull father let thy mercy passe  
Extend thy mercy where no mercy was.  
Mercyfull father for thy sonnes deere meritt  
Pardon my sinnfull soule receiue my spirit. *Expirat Lucrece.*

*Phi:* Now is her soule at rest tis very strange,  
As well the cause as manner of her death,  
I haue beene studied in *Hipocrates*,  
In bookes of *Gallen* and olde *Aescine*,  
Obseru'd the cures of diuers learned doctors,  
In *France* in *Spaine* and higher *Germany*,  
Yet neuer met with such an accicent,  
Beare in her body I will in all hast,  
Bring wofull newes vnto saint *Peeters Pallace*,  
His Holinesse will grieuiously lament. *Exeunt omnes.*

*SCÆ. 4.*

*Enter Cæsar and Barbarossa souldiers drums and trumpets.*

*Cæs:* Fellows in armes after our victories,  
Had in the first front of our happie warr,  
With men of hardy resolution,  
Now must we bend our forces against *Furly*,  
Where that proud *Amazonian Katharine*,  
Dareth defiance in the face of warr,  
And yet our hopes are sure, all passage cleere,  
And she before I lodge this restles head,  
Shall beare the bondage of this victorie.

*Bar:* These proud presuming spirrirts of vaine women,  
Whose bloodlesse woundes are only bloody words,  
Talke without reason, fight without resistance,

*But*



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

But on the face of grimme deuouring Warre,  
With frowning fore-head menacing his force,  
They fall downe on their backs as *Venus* did,  
When *Mars* beheld her with a Souldiers face,

*Ces.* Nay we must fight : I know the puissant spirit  
Of warlike *Kate* the pride of *Italie*,  
*Sforzaes* braue sister and old *Riaroes* widdow,  
Excellent valour, and deepe policie  
Must winne it, if we purchase at her hands.

*Bar.* And yet we be before-hand with the Lady,  
Hauing surprized her treasure and her sonnes,  
As they were making their escape for *Florence* :  
What shall we trie renowned generall?  
And search her resolution.

*Ces.* Shall wee? doubt you not,  
Nay though the walles of *Furly* were of Steele,  
These pledges should make passage for our powers,  
And what? shall we stoope for those twenty Ensignes,  
Which this last night haue enter'd their Ports,  
Nay were they ten to one within those walles,  
*Cesar* (that carries Fortune in his Standerd)  
Would make them giue ground & subiect them-selues.

*Bar.* Speake then at once renowned generall,  
Shall we go Souldier-like to worke at first?  
Shall we salute her with our Cannon?

*Ces.* What? no *Barbarossa* not without a parlee,  
Fore-God I loue her, and admire her valour,  
And till we finde her words prooue empty squibs,  
We giue her all the noble rights of warre,  
Summon a parlee.      *Sound drum, answer Trumpet.*

*Enter vpon the walles Countesse Katherine, Iulio Sforza,  
Ensigne. souldiers, Drummes, Trumpets.*

What haue wee *Pallas* come vpon these walles;  
To bring confusion of our companies :  
Doth proud *Penthesilea* liue againe,  
Which some-time raging in the Fields of blood,  
Made passage with her angry sword through millions.

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Kat.* I tell thee *Cesar* sonne of *Alexander*  
A booke befits thee better then a blade:  
Percase in scorne thou wilt reply the like,  
A distaffe fits me better then a pike.  
Know *Cesar* had I now so many liues  
As here are stoanes or haire vpon your beards,  
I would forgo them al before this honor,  
Which my deere Lord *Riario* did leaue mee,  
The pledge of my deere loue his Chudrens patrimony.

*Ces.* Speake in a milder key renowned *Kate*,  
I loue you well and all braue *Sforzaes* race  
Yet you must yeeld there is no remedy,  
It is the Churches right and I must haue it.

*Kath.* Me thinkes a pulpet were more fit for thee,  
But did'st thou euer reade Saint *Gregory*:  
That he which hunteth for authority,  
Himselfe should gouerne direct and know well;  
He did a deede of danger that aduanc'd thee,  
For proud ambition violates all right.

*Ces.* Be not so bitter *Kate* a friend intreates you,  
But if intreaties will not, looke vpon mee:  
Heere standeth *Cesar* the sharpe scoutge of *Furly*  
And were your fort fenc'd with as many men,  
As it is girt with stones *Cesar* would haue it.  
Subdue them and make pillage of their goods  
And in resistance seale it with their blouds.

*Kat.* What are your weapons sheathed in your throates?  
Is euery word a sword then shake hands *Cesar*:  
Venter no further and we will be friends  
But if your words haue accents in keene swords,  
And end in bloud, then *Cesar* looke on me:  
I with defiance turne swords in your throates,  
You shall not thrust that imputation  
Vpon our sex, for I will fight it out  
So long as I can stand vpon these walls.

*Ces.* You would repent it, if you knew the worst,  
Consider *Kate* be well aduised first.

*Kat.* *Cesar* at one word to discharge my conscience,

Were



Were there a Cannon there to be discharg'd  
Vpon this fruitfull wombe the nurse of Children,  
And I sure peece mell to be torne withall,  
If I would not surrender vp this forte  
Your Cannon shot should plowe these bowells vp,  
That vow to God and my deere husband made:  
I neuer will infringe with perfedly:  
I know thee bloudy *Cesar*: the dishonor,  
In yeelding vp thy reuerend purple robes  
Which should protect widowes and Orphanes rightes,  
Appareth well in taking vniust armes,  
To wrong the Widowes and the Fatherlesse  
Either fight *Cesar* or forsake the field,  
Perswade thy selfe alieue I will not yeeld.

*Cas.* Then I will shew you what warres desteny,  
Prognosticates, bring forth her ransome hither.

*Barbarossa bringeth from Cæsars Tent  
hir two boyes.*

If nature be not quite extinguished  
These pledges shall enfranchise you from warre  
I brought them to this purpose; that in them,  
You with your friends might liue in liberty.

*Kat.* Neuer but with advantages deere Lord,  
Monster of misery what think'st thou *Cesar*  
That I will yeeld mine honor for their safety?  
Be not deceiu'd thou hast surpriz'd my Children,  
*Riaroes* riches left in my tuition  
And borne out of these bowells; but deere boyes,  
Courage your selues I will defend your honors:  
I tell thee *Cesar* these my boyes are taught  
To beare with patience fates ineuitable  
These carry *Forzaes* spirit and their fathers;  
I dare gage life and aske them they will chuse,  
To lack their liues before they loose their honors.

*Cas. Cesar* in this hath offered like himselfe,  
He proffereth to preserue your towne vntouch't:  
Your goods, your wiues, your liues, your liberties:  
But marke what fruites thy bitterness brings forth,

To

To make thine hard heart infamous for euer,  
Before thy face these boyes shall loose their liues  
If thou surrinder not without more parlee.

*Kath.* Bloudy *Busyris* I defie thy malice,  
I spit defiance in thy cowards face.  
Traytour to God and man had'st thou beene *Cesar*,  
Insisting on high tearmes of worth and honor  
Thou woul'st consider that their blood is Noble,  
Thou wouldest consider that they be but children,  
Thou wouldest consider that thou art a warrior  
And that such noble blood spilt with dishonor  
And train'd in with insidious trechery,  
By God nor man in heauen nor earth below  
Can be forgotten or abolished.

*Barb.* Braue generall you parlee with a woman,  
Whose heart is obstinate, whose hands are freeble,  
Seemeth in vaine and ouer tedious.

*Cesar.* Speake at a word cannon is my next parlee,  
You will not yee'd your state to saue their liues.

*Kath.* I will not *Cesar*.

*Cas.* Cut of both their heads.

*1. Boy.* Let vs intreat our mother noble generall,  
For to deliuer vp the state of *Furly*  
And will you saue our liues then.

*2. Boy.* Good Captaine do not kill vs.

*Cas.* If she will yeeld the state your liues are safe.

*1. Boy.* Good mother for my fathers sake that's dead,  
And for mine Vncles sake part of your bowells  
And for our owne sakes yeeld your selues and saue vs.

*2. Boy.* Good sweete mother saue vs.

*Kat.* Poore boies, in heart vnlike *Riariges* race,  
Or *Sforzaes* warlike linnage by the mother  
Know what it is die with liberty,  
And liue with ignominious seruitude.  
If you your liues buy with the losse of states  
It were of all extreameties the vilest  
But in extreamety to die resolu'd  
Preseruing state and reputation:



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Is said to dye within the bed of honour,  
This is an honor for *Riarioes* children,  
And for my part, it neuer shall be sayd,  
That *Katherine* being strong vpon hir garde,  
Hauing good forces able to defend,  
In brutish feare should giue away your states,  
I rather will obtrude my selfe vnarm'd,  
And meete the thickest ranckes that enter breach,  
To be tost vp vpon their souldiers pikes,  
Sooner I will set all the towne on fire,  
And with my soldiers sacrifice my selfe,  
Rather then render vp your heritage,

*Ces.* Oh brauely spoken warlike *Amazon*.

*1. Boy.* Mother we scorne death in respect of honor  
Let him performe his worst, we feare him not,  
Courage sweete brother, thinke vpon my father,  
I will dye first, be not affraid of death.

*Ces.* Why then you are resolu'd to dye?

*1. Boy.* I to dye *Cesar*.

*Ces.* Bring hether both their heads.

*Kath.* Gods blessing rest with you my deereft sonnes  
And if I loote your states, my life shall follow,  
Nothing but violence shall force it from vs,  
Ere long this quarrell twixt vs will stand euen:  
Farewell deere boyes, till we three meete in heauen.

*2. Boy.* Ah deere Mother, sweete mother, good Vncle *Julia*  
saue our liues.

*Ces.* Away with him.

*2. Boy.* Let me before I dye, but kisse my mother.

*Kath.* What wouldst thou runne againe into my wombe?  
If thou wert here thou shouldst be *Posthumus*,  
And ript out of my sides with soldiers swords,  
Before I would yeeld vp thine heritage.

*1. Boy.* Come brother let vs brauely dye together.

*Ces.* I tell thee when that these haue lost their heads,  
I will make sacke and pillage of your state,  
Man, women, Orphanes, all put to the sword,  
This hath your obstinacie wrought in vs,

## THE DIVILS CHARTAR.

Carry them hence, bring hether both their heads. *Exeunt with  
the boyes,*  
And then a charge vpon this valiant Lady,  
This *Thamyris*, this proud *Semeramis*,  
Whole valour *Barbarossa* by these heauens,  
Is very wonderfull and glorious.

*Kate*. Had he more force, what would this tirant do?

*Cæs.* A charge, a charge.

*Kat.* For Gods sake charge, a charge let vs to fight.

*Cæs.* A spirit full of vengeance, wrath, and spite,  
Assault, assault, charge noble hearts a charge.

*A charge with a peale of Ordinance: Cæsar after two retreates  
entreteth by scalado, her Ensigne-bearer slaine: Katherin recoue-  
reth the Ensigne, & fighteth with it in her hand. Heere she sheweth  
excellent magnanimity. Cæsar the third time repulsed, at length  
entreteth by scalado, surpriseth her, bringeth her downe with some  
prisoners. Sound Drums and Trumpets.*

*Cæs.* Couragious *Kate*, you that would throw defiance  
Into the face and throate of fate and *Cæsar*,  
Such are the fruites of pride and wilfulnesse.  
Haue I perform'd my word? are you surpriz'd?  
Is not your life and liuing in my power?

*Kat.* Now that my sonnes first by insidious meanes,  
Bereaued of their liues, and their states lost,  
The date of my calamities is out,  
Goe forward with thy tyrannie, strike *Cæsar*,  
And take away the Mother with her sonnes:  
This done, recount what is thy victory.  
A woman with two children vanquished,  
A prize befitting the renowne of *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Come hither *Katherine* wonder of thy sex,  
The grace of all *Italian* woman-hood:  
*Cæsar* shall neuer prooue dishonourable,  
Behold thy children liuing in my Tent.

*He discovereth his Tent where her two sonnes were at Cardes.*

2. Boy. Oh mother, mother, are you come, wee be not dead.

1. Boy. Good mother, thanke the Captaine, we liue yet,  
They gaue vs spices, wines, and bad vs welcome,

I pray



I pray you thanke them.

*Kate.* Oh but your lands and honors are both lost,  
Had not an honorable death beene better :  
Then thus to loose your states and lively-hoods.  
Heroike souldier, whose deceit is honour.  
Thou that hast vnexpected sauid the liues  
Of my two children, I submit them here  
Thy captiues, for their ransome what is fitt.

*Cas.* I freely pardon these two boyes their ransome,  
Lady behold thy treasure in my Tent,  
Had I not wonne this towne, this hadst thou lost,  
See Souldiers that her Jewels be reseru'd  
For her owne seruice, now the quarrell ends.

*Kat.* But noble *Cesar* well intreate our people,  
They be men valiant, ciuill, obedient,  
If you their Magistrates intreate them well.

*Cas.* Take you the charge of *Furly*, *Barbarossa*,  
Intreate the people well, do not reſtraine them,  
We freely pardon all of them their ransomes,  
So much as is in vs, we pardon all,  
Vſe them as Cittizens of *Rome* in fauor,  
Other instructions you ſhall haue here-after :  
Till then regarde your charge, and ſo farewell.

*Enter with a drum, Barbarossa, & soldiers.*

Lady, your ſelfe, with your two little babes,  
I will take order ſhalbe ſent to *Rome*,  
Be not diſmaid, you ſhall bee well intreated,  
You ſhall want nothing fitting your eſtates,  
March with vs on our way for *Capua*.

*March Caesar, Katherine, her two boyes, Ensignes,  
Soldiers, Trumpets, Drums. Exeunt.*

*SCÆ. 5.*

*Enter Alexander out of his studie.*

*Alex.* Bring in that *Opium*, and bowle of Wine,  
Heere I muſt act a Trage-comœdie,  
*Bernardo* is it well conſected and prepar'd?

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

According to my conference with *Rotfi*.

*Bernardo with a flaggon of wine and a bowle*

*Ber.* He sent it as your Holines may see,  
Safe sealed vp.

*Alex.* Fill me that bowle of wine,

*Alexander openeth a box and putteth in the powder.*

*B. r.* Tis a drowfie medicine, do not tast it my Lord,

*Alex.* Thou hast ben taster to me, many times,

Begin *Bernardo*.

*Ber.* My Lord I slept too much the last night and I dare not,

*Alex.* It holds good colour hold here *Bernardo*,

Giue good attendance, bring them to their rest,

Then giue me notice at my study doore.

*Ber.* One set was past before I parted from them,  
And by this time they be well heated.

*Alex.* Sirra be diligent and seruiceable in this,  
Euen as thou louest thy maister. *Exit Alexander into his study.*

*Ber.* Feare me not?

Were it not that my conscience hath bene fyer'd,

With flames of purgatory by this Pope,

I neuer could endure such villany,

The best is he doth pardon all my sinnes. *Exit Bernardo.*

*Enter Astor and Philipppo in their wast-cotes  
with rackets.*

*Ast.* This set was strangely lost I durst haue wagerd,  
An hunder'd ducats after the first chase.

*Phi.* You thinke you play well, but belecue me brother,  
You cannot take paines nor obserue a ball,  
With that dexterity which appertaineth.

*Ast.* Holla within there if I take no paines,  
My wastcote well can witnes for I sweate. *Enter Bernardo.*

*Ber.* Barber bring in some linnen for my Lords

*Phil.* Bring me some wine for I am very thirsty

*Enter two Barbers with linen.*

*Ber.* I listend for that string and he hath toucht it,

*Bar.* Wilt please your Lordship sit on this low chaire?

*Phil.*



*Phi.* Rub my head first then combe it,

*Ast.* Fill me some wine *Bernardo*,

*Ber.* Good my Lord coole your selfe a litle,

*Ast.* Giue me wine and let it be thy labour good *Barnardo*  
To call for musicke. *Bernardo deliuereth wine.*

Brother in this cup I commend the loues,

Of all true *Fauentines* our trusty friends,

Hoping ere long to liue againe with them.

*Phs.* I thanke you brother, if our father Pope.  
Performe his promise we shall soone returne.

*Ast.* This wine was good yet tasteth of the casck,  
It hath a musty rellish.

*Phi.* Lets here this musicke,

*After the barbers had trimmed and  
rubbed their bodies a litle, Astor caletb.*

*Ast.* Holla within there.

*Ber.* My Lord.

*Ast.* I thinke it good after this little rubbing to repose my  
body.

*Phil.* I am some what heauy.

*Ber.* I know the caule,

*Ast.* And what *Bernardo*.

*Ber.* Marry with much motion of your bodies my Lords,  
You must not be so vehement in play.

I knew a noble French man at *Anchona*,

Twenty yeares since at tennice tooke his death.

With ouer heating of him selfe in play.

*They lay them selues vpon a bed and the barbers depart.*

*Phi.* More musicke there.

*after one straine of musicke they fall a sleepe:*

*Ber.* My Lords are both a sleepe musicke depart,

And leaue them to their ease; alasie sweet boyes,

Is it not pittty that these noble branches,

So sweetly knit in one, should neuer wake?

I that am hard of heart sighe for their sake,

My Lord.

*Bernardo knocketh at the study.*

*Alex.* What newes man?

*Ber.* Both fast a sleepe.

*Alex.* And both vpon one bed?

*Ber.* Tis done.

*Alex.* And chamber voyded?

*Ber.* All is performed my Lord.

*Alex.* My blessing rest vpon thee my *Benardo*.

Depart now with those letters I deliuerd,

To be conuayd to *Florence* leaue me here.

*Alexander vpon the stage in his cassock and  
nightcap with a box vnder each arme.*

*Alexander solus.*

Sleepe both secure vpon your fatall bed,

Now that the God of silence *Morpheus*,

Hath with his signet of black horne seal'd vp,

Your langued eye lids loaden with pale death,

Sleepe vntill you draw your latest breath,

Poore harmeles boyes strangers to sinne and euill,

Oh were my soule as innocent as yours!

This office is of highest consequence,

In friendship for I consider it,

I sent you from a million of sorrows,

Into the flowry fields of *Paradice*.

Their to goe habit in the groues of mirtle,

To feed on *Manna* and to drinke pure *Nectar*,

A cup of euerlasting happines.

Where such sweet musick vn-con-ceiueable,

Shall entertaine your senses in sweet comfort,

As the delight thereof shall neuer die.

*Astor* what *Astor* speake awake *Phillippe*,

Both fast a sleepe.

*He stireth and moueth them opening  
both their bosomes.*

Now *Roderick* betake thee to thy taske,

What? peace *Astor* begins to talke I will attend.

*Astor speaketh in his sleepe.*

*Ast.* Faire gracious Angell of eternall light,

Which reachest out that hand of happines.

Hayling my spirit to that triumphant throne,

Of endles comfort I adore thy grace.

*Phili.*



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Phi.* In his sleepe. Oh goulden light of neuer setting Sunne,  
Harke brother *Astor* ha ke my soule is rapt,  
Into the ioyes of heauen with harmony.

*Alex.* Doe they not sleepe? are they not yet a sleeper?  
Be not their senses yet lockt vp in sleepe.

*he stirreth them.*

*Astor* awake awake, awake *Philippo*.  
All safe and sure, oh this was but a dreame,  
Their *Genius* hath fore told them of their end,  
And ioyfully they doe shake hands with death.

*He draweth out of his boxes aspiks.*

Come out here now you *Cleopatraes* birds.  
Fed fat and plump with proud *Egyptian* slime,  
Of seauen mouth'd *Nylus* but now turn'd leane:

*He putteth to either of their  
brests an Aspike.*

Take your repast vpon these Princely paps.  
Now *Ptolamies* wife is highly magnified,  
Ensigning these faire princely twins their death,  
And you my louely boyes competitors,  
With *Cleopatra* share in death and fate.  
Now *Charon* stayes his bote vpon the strond,  
And with a rugged for head full of wrath  
He thrusts a million from the shore of *Stix*,  
To giue you waftage to the *Elisian* fields,  
I see their coulors chang and death fittes heauy.  
On their fayre foreheads with his leaden mace.  
My birds are gluttred with this sacrifice.

*He taketh of the Aspiks and put-  
teth them vp in his box.*

What now proud wormes? how taste yon princes blood.  
The slaues be plump and round; in to your nests,  
Is there no token of the serpents draught,  
All cleere and safe well now faire boyes good-night.  
*Bernardo, Bernardo*, the feate is done,  
Vse thy discretion as I did direct.

*Exit Alexander.*

*Ber.* 'Tis done in deed alas they both be dead:  
Now must I follow my directions,

*Holla*

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Holla within there.

*Enter Cardinall Caraffa  
with Bentiuoli.*

*Car.* What newes *Bernardo*?

*Ber.* Alas my Lord ill newes,  
But that his Holinesse is fast a sleepe,  
And this day stir'd not from his bed-chamber  
I would haue brought him to this wofull fight:  
*Prince Astor* with *Phillippo* was at Tennis,  
And being ouer-heated at their game,  
Drinking so suddainly vpon that heate,  
With much sweete Wine did surfet instantly,  
And here alas lye dead vpon this bed.

*Bent.* Alas it is a ruthfull spectacle,  
Two princely boyes of noble disposition,  
Endued with honorable gifts of vertue.

*Car.* Of gracious fauour, wise, and liberall,  
*Phaenzaes* hope: *Bernardo* beare them in,  
His Holynesse will much bemoane their fate.

*Bent.* My Lord, my Lord I do not like of this.

*Caraf.* Peace man, no more do I, but beare with patience.

*Bent.* It is suspicious but we may not talke,  
Come let vs in, oh God!

*Car.* Oh God what times are these.

*Exeunt omnes.*

### *Guicchiardine.*

After the bloody Duke *Valentinoys*  
Had conquered *Furly*, with the warlick Lady,  
By wily force he tooke in *Capua*,  
Then through insidious sleights and treacheries,  
He did surprize the state of *Camerine*,  
Where he captiued *Iulio di Varana*,  
With his two sonnes all which he strangled,  
With semblable tyranny proud *Cæsar*,  
On termes of trust meetes with the Duke *Gravina*,  
And *Vitellozzo* with the prince of *Fermo*:  
Whome he betraide at *Smigaglia*,  
Bereauing them both of their states and liues,  
He conquereth *Urbini*; and with violence,

*Perfor-*



THE DIVINES CHARTER

Performeth strange and hideous outrages.  
By this time with his forces backe to *Rome*,  
*Cesar* is marching; what betyded there,  
Endes in the subiect of this Tragedie.

ACT V S. 5. SCÆ. 1.

*Enter Cesar after a florish of trumpets with Drums, ensignes,  
soldiers. Barbarossa, Cardinall Caraffa  
Bentiugli. Baglioni.*

*Cesa.* Now that by cunning force and pollicie;  
All the free states and citties of *Romania*  
Subiected are vnto the Church of *Rome*.  
And that our pikes and swordes in blood and slaughter,  
Are staind and sheath'd quiet in our scaberds,  
Our blood and wounds stanch'd and bound vp in scarfs,  
Let vs for this could season of the yeare,  
Rest vs and cheere our selues till the next spring.  
And then march forward with alacrity,  
Braue *Barbarossa* take these souldiers,  
Vnto some quarter where by sound of drum,  
According to their muster giue them pay,  
Let them be satisfi'd and so dischargd.  
Fellowes in armes faithfull and valiant,  
I thanke you for your paines and honesties,  
In token of our good heart to your seruice,  
Wee giue each common soldier more then pay,  
Two ducates: and all other officers.  
According to their pluce redoubled,  
With many thanks for your exceeding valor,  
Assuring you that in these warres with vs,  
*Cesar* shall make you Captaines of your spoyles,  
And so doth he commend you to your ease.

*Sold.* A *Cesar* a *Cesar* God saue *Cesar*.

*Exit Barba.*

*Sound trumpets and a florish with drums  
marching with soldiers.*

K

*Ces.*

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Cesa.* Sirra come hether you must wayte on me.  
My good Lord Cardinall and *Bentinoli*,  
Much thanks and deere acceptance of your loues,  
I louingly returne for your great paines.

*Caraff.* His Holinesse gaue vs in serious charge,  
To giue you greeting and withall prepares  
A sumptuous feast for that solemnity,  
To which he doth inuite the Cardinalls  
With other Lords your fauourers in *Rome*.

*Ces.* Humbly commend my duty to my father  
Tell him this night I purpose to be with him,

*Pointing at letters in his hand.*

Tell him I liue in health and touching these,  
I pray you certifie his Holinesse,  
I will haue speciall care: and so my Lords  
For a small season I will take my leaue.

*Ben.* We do congratulate your safe returne.

*. Exit Caraffa & Bent. Cesar looketh on his letters.*

*Ces.* Come hither *Baglioni* speake sincerely,  
Knowst thou *Brandino Rosfi* th' apothecary.

*Bag.* What I my gracious Lord? know I my selfe?

*Ces.* How should I know that sir?

*Ba.* May it please your highnes he serues his Holines.

*Ca.* He did indeed somtime and for his villanies,  
Is worthily cast of; but tell me sirra:  
Thou do'st remember how for breach of armes  
When thou didst stab a certaine lance-prizado:  
I pardon'd thee thy life.

*Bag.* True my good Lord I very well remember,  
He was a lowlie villaine, marry was he,  
And if he liued yet such is my stomacke,  
That were he chopt in mammockes I could eate him:  
But for that honour in a souldiers word  
He spend my life to do your highnesse seruice.

*Ces.* Hast thou thy peece then ready.

*Bag.* Oh my good Lord lies fix, sound as a bell,

With



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

With all my warlike furniture beside  
Good flask and touch-box, a *Valentia* blade  
A flauish dagger, powder of *Rhemes* and bulletes  
Here they beene.

*Caf.* Somtime this after-noone within the parke,  
Next, to the *Vatican*, *Ratsie* wilbe:  
And as I know thee stout and resolute,  
Bestow a bullet on him as he passeth;  
Few words; if any man attach thee for it,  
By my protection thou shalt be enlarged.

*Bag.* And if I do not my good Lord damme me for it  
I haue an old grudge at him cole black curre,  
He shall haue two Steele bullets strongly charg'd  
Nay but heere me my Lord?  
Ile tell you what,  
By this true fox of Steele  
I had as good a spaniell for the water,  
As euer hunted ducke: and this true villaine  
Because my dog did cate vp a pannado  
Within his house; what did that *Spanish* roague?  
What did he thinke you my Lord?  
Marry very faire and instantly  
Poyson d my Spaniell with *Rosa-solis*,  
A pox on him micher, faith ile pay him his olde sippence for't  
now.

*Caf.* Take this to buy thee clothes my trusty seruant,  
Nay tis gold be not affeard of it.

*Bag.* Affeard my Lord  
Were it a tempest in a showre of gold  
I would indure it and adore you for't.

*Caf.* Then *Baglion* fit thee, to thy furniture,  
Watch in a corner close beyond some trec:  
And when the deed is done repaire to me:  
Say that thy peece went off against thy will,  
Keepe a light match in cock, weare flaske and touch-box:  
And take a murren with thee so fare-well;

# THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Thus must I diue deepe in a villaines nature,  
And thus must saue a villaine from the gallows  
To play my partes in other purposes.  
The man whome I to benefit would choose,  
I must in matters of more moment vse:

Or els I will not benefit a man,  
And cut him of in sequell if I can.

*Bag.* Here me, but my good Lord marke my words well,  
If old *Henril* co shrink in this seruice  
Casseir him, call him whip-stock, let him perish,  
For want of *Spanish* wines, and maluasie.

*Cas.* Then faile not my true seruant finely, closely. *Exit Cas.*

*Bag.* No more but by this crosse,  
Why now this Noble *Casars* like himself,  
Hath fitted me with seruice: if the world,  
Had sought out som-what to content aman,  
Nothing could better please old *Ballion*  
Then to kill a raskall, coward, curre,  
A *Spanish* squirt-vp, a black poysoning toade.  
I like this trading better then the warres  
For there I serue for two ducates a month,  
And not a duck egge richer when I march  
And in continuall hazard of my life  
For which percase my peece kills twenty persons:  
Now shall I march in purse with many ducates,  
For one houres seruice but to kill one man,  
Free from all danger of mine enemy,  
I will about it and take vp my stand. *Exit.*

*Enter Bernardo.*

*Bern.* Thus doth one hideous act succeed an other,  
Vntill the mouth of mischeife be made vp:  
Now must I traine my fellow to his death,  
A deed of ruth and I did sweare the same,  
Not only for the secrecy thereof.

Bu  
t



THE DIVILS CHARTER.

But to conceale a matter of more weight,  
Of greater moment and high cruelty:  
When any deed of murther must be done,  
To serue his Holinesse, call for *Bernardo*.  
He must be principall or accessary  
To serue all purposes; for gold or pardone,  
The Pope giues both; and I can take them both:  
Gold can make hard the softest conscience,  
And mine is harden'd by the practise of it.  
*Holla Signeor Bandino.* *He knocketh at a dore,*

*Enter Rotfie.*

*Rot.* Who calls without there? what my good fellow *Bernardo*?  
Very welcome: what newes with you?

*Ber.* My Lord hath sent me for the things he spake of.

*Rot.* Here they be very strong and sufficiently compounded  
According to directions from his Holinesse,  
And speciall warrant vnder his priuy signet  
I tried them on three men condemn'd to death:  
For rapine and vile murther: but the first  
Within lesse then one quarter of an houre,  
Pust vp grew leproous and his heart strings broake.  
Then did I giue allay the second time,

*Enter Baglioni with his peece.*

The second prizoner died within three houres  
I did the third time mittigate, a little,  
And saw when it was minister'd the third man,  
Who did within eight houres swell rag'd and die.

*Ber.* Well haue you done your part set downe your bottels,  
And read this letter from the Duke *Valentioos*,

*He setteth downe his bottels and  
walking readeth to himselfe.*

*Bag.* Well sayd braue *Pincoginger* by mine honour  
Before I do this seruice lie there peece.

For I must haue a saying to those bottels,

*He drinketh.*

*True*

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

True flingo flingo by mine honour, Oh that mine old friend  
and *Boccadillio Frescobaldi* Weare heare alieue againe to taste of  
this other bottle, Well I will venter vpon it, that I may drinke  
one health To *Frescobaldi*; I will encounter with this stout *He-  
torean, Greeke*.

Were *Meleager* here that slew the boore,  
Like a *Boracchio* armed all in sacke,  
Or stout *Achilles* in a pewter coate,  
Or old *Assaracus* armed in a wicker lyrkin,  
Or *Priamus* armed with a leather Iacket,  
Lin'd and imboist with Alligant and Hollock  
By forch of armes and *Mars* his valiant hand,  
I would encounter them whilst I could stand.  
The slaues are buisie reading their paphlagonian papers,  
I must haue a saying to you sir I must; though,  
You be prouided for his Holines owne mouth; I will be,  
Bould to be the Popes taster by his leaue.  
Now trusty *Troilus*, *base los manos*.

*Rot.* Let him alone it is the Dukes pleasure,  
That if he will taste he shall be suffered,  
And therefore I was commanded to set them downe,  
In presence of such a fellow whome for his sawcinesse,  
I haue pepered.

*Bern.* Oh tis a perilous villeine if you knew him so well as I,  
belecue me he would peper you for it if he vnderstood so much,  
peace man he hath broken vp the bottle let him drinke.

*Rot.* Nay let him drinke and burst, for belecue me I was  
enform'd before of such a fellowe; for whome I was comman-  
ded to lay bate; oh notable villeine, how he scaleth death.

*Brg.* This is a Noble nipster ifaith, so so. *He drinckth.*  
Backe againe to kennell slaue.

*Rot.* He hath his full wages dout not *Bernardo*, to serue him  
till he die, seeme not to respect him in any case doe I pray you.

*Ber.* Nay but doe not you respect him, least he doubte you  
suspect him.

*Rot.* Oh doubt you not, doubt you not, I wil neuer looke, let vs  
turn



## THE DIVILS CHARTER

turne out talke. Tell his Holinesse tis well compounded and composed of all those drugges mentioned in your letter, giue the Duke right humble thanks for his token, and with all reuerence kisse his excellent hand.

*Bern.* And by this signet you are to deliuer me the bottles.

*Rot.* Haue a care of them and deliuer them.

*Bernardo receaueth the bottles.*

*Ber.* Farewell fellow *Rots*.

*Rot.* Adieu *Bernardo*.

*Ber.* Now doe not I pittie this *Spanish* villaine because hee consented to the poysoning of this soldier, but for that I am innocent.

*They goe forth two severall wayes and  
Rots is shot by Baglioni.*

*Bag.* What is the wild goose fallen? haue at you Sir, might a poore soldier speake halfe a score woords to your venemous worship and according to your accustomed furlinesse haue no replyall: I belecue you sir, your wordes are not offenciue in any sort I must confesse. Now thou infectious slaue, thou compictious Rascal, thou confectionary villeine: where is you sublimatum now sir? where is your Ratsbanatum now? now where are your poysoned pullets in stued-broth? where bee they? you neuer drempt of a poysoned bullet, did you goe too? now *Signor curri-gantino* will I romage in the worne eaten keele of your rotten hulke: passion of my soule what papers are these. Foh powder, powder foh, whats here, I marry sir I like this well, are you so pursie sir, this may serue to stop a gap in my neighbours hedg, what is this you show me with a shame to you, yea and maister of the small ordinance to, this *Basilisk* hath beene often mounted where there hath beene hot and dangerous sruice in the Ile of *Iapan*, hold passion of me my guts, out vpon thee thou hast poysoned mee with thy stinking breath or with thy villonous powders. Out alas! alas! what fire commotions I feele in my bodie gryping fretting and fuming, a plague on your  
bottle

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

bottle ale with a vengeance, I am peppered there is no reme-  
die in all these extreame agonies! must draw this villeine fur-  
the: and throw him into a ditch, *Deh velenodell Diabolo* fare-  
well farewell my old *Shurcordillio Frescobldi*: farewell Madam  
*Sempronia*, for in conscience I am guilty of mine owne deat:hoh  
the pangs of hell and purgatory; come you lowfie Raskall I  
will bury thee with carryon in the next ditch.

*He draueth in Rotfi by  
the heeles groning.*

SCÆ. 3.

*Alexander, Cesar Borgia.*

*Alex.* Haue you deliuered to the bottleman,  
The fatall wine.

*Ces.* I I gaue charge to *Bernardo*,  
Hauing them safely seald with mine owne signet,  
That when feasting I do call for wine,  
He shall breake vp the scales and fill that out,  
For the two Cardinalls *Cornetto* and *Modina*.

*Alex.* Tis well, now if our plot proue right,  
Thou shalt be maister of much welth to night,  
Dying in estate all comes to my share,  
*Caraffa* loues a sallet passing well,  
And I haue fitted one to serue his tourne,  
Their gould will make thy soldiers fight in blood,  
And winge thy victories with good successe.

*Cesa.* Let vs noe longer entertaine the time,  
By this the Cardinalls expect our presence.

*Alex.* On with auspicious slepe triumphant *Cesar*.  
And entertaine them in braue iollity.

*Exit.*

SCÆ.



# THE DIVILS CHARTER.

SCÆ. 4.

*Sound loud musicke : a cupbord of plate brought  
in. Enter with bottles Bernard with  
the bottlemans.*

Ber. Haue spetiall care you that haue these in charge,  
That these two sealed bottels be not flird,  
Vntill his Holines call for that wine  
Bot. Feare not I will attend it as my life.

*Sound trumpets solemnly, enter a table spread, Viandes brought  
in : after the trumpets sound drums and fif; enter Alexander  
in his pontificalls, after him Cornetto with Cæsar, Barbarossa  
with Modena, Bentiuoli with Caraffa, the Pope taketh his  
place, three Cardinalls on one side and captaines on thother.*

Alex. Martiall your selues heere sworne-men and there  
Church-men.

Cæs. Here sit we swordmen to defend the Church.

Alex. My Lords giue answere in sinceritie,  
Hath not my Cæsar fought well for the Church?  
That hath so soone subiected in her right.

Imola, Furly, Camerino, Capua,  
Vrbine, Faenza, Sinigaglia.

Braue Cæsar I must boast of it in presence,  
That I Christes vicare of his Church on earth,  
Haue such a sonne which issued from my loynes,  
That being vicare of the Churches warres,  
Hath in reuolution of one year,  
Done more then all the generalls haue done,  
In honor of our Church for fortie yeares,

Corn. Your Holines with all your Cardinalls,  
Your barrons and indeed all christendome  
Are bound to giue God thanks for such a Prince.

L

And

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

• And him great honor for his fortitude.

*The Devill commeth and  
changeth the Popes bottles.*

*Mod.* Your excellence did in a blessed hower,  
Surrender vp your Holy robes and hat,  
Betaking you to burganet and armes,  
By which you might enlarge our liberties.

*Car.* Ifaith my Lord and soe we haue all of vs good cause to  
reioyce, would I had bene with your exeellence at *Capua*, I  
would had one bout with them as old as I am.

*Ces.* You might my Lord haue had your choyse of Ladies,  
Bewtifull prisoners to be sent to *Rome*.

*Cara,* I marry my Lord some what might haue beene said to  
this geere *in diebus illis*, but *transeant cum ceteris erroribus*, would  
to GOD I weare as young as when I was a Scholler in *Padua*,  
faith then I could haue swingd a sword and a buckler, and I  
did that then wil being but a springall of 24. yeares which be  
talkt of in *Padua* these 40. yeares I warrant it faith my Lord  
were I so lusty now I would goe with you to the warres this  
next spring thats flat, wil you eate any sallet my Lord, faith here  
are exeellent herbes if you loue them,

*Casa.* They be my Lord too cold for my stomacke, wilt please  
you my Lord to drinke a cup of old *Greeke* wine with it, bring  
me some wine here.

*Alex.* Bring me some wine here I will drinke a loy to *Cesar*  
and this Noble company.

*Ces.* Some wine for his Holines owne mouth, *Bernardo*.

*Wine is brought to Alexander.*

*Alex.* *Cesar* your selfe are master of this feast,  
I drinke a good successe and victory,

*Alexander drinketh, trumpets sound,*

To *Cesar* and great happines to all.

*Cæsar drinketh.*

*Casa.* Happy successe and fortune to you all.

*Alex.* Hold *Cesar*; stay for wee are poysoned,

*rush from the table.*

*Cesar*



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Cas.* My Lord it is all of.

*Alex.* Then art thou quite vndone.

*Cas.* Some villanous conspiracielyes hid  
Within this company, and this pernicious villaine

*Cæsar stabbeth Bernardo.*

Hath practiz'd with them; goe with thy soule to hell,  
I feele the raging of it.

*Corn.* Away my Lord. *Modina* come away,  
This traine was laide of purpose for our liues.

*Modi.* Our refuge and defence is from aboue,  
Let Sathan worke, he neuer shall preuaile.

*Exit Corn. and Modina.*

*Caraff.* How doth my gracious Lord.

*Alex.* Oh very sick: bring me preseruatiues,  
I thinke I haue as good as any man.

*Alex. to his studie.*

*Cas.* My Lord *Bentinogli* take heere my keyes,  
You know my study, search my Cabbinet,  
There shall you finde a little Christall Phiall,  
Wrapt vp in Sarcenet, bring it hether straight,  
I feele *Vesenus* raging in my guttes.

*Exit.*

*Alex.* Heere *Cæsar* taste some of this precious water,  
Against all plague, poison, and pestilence  
A present helpe: I bought it of a Jew,  
Borne and brought vp in *Galily*.

*Cæsar tasteth.*

*Cas.* My Lord it is too forceable and hotte.

*Alex.* The flames of *Mongibell* consume my liuer,  
Bring me to some repose.

*Caraff.* Comfort your selfe my Lord.

*Alex.* *Cæsar* take rest,  
Send for Physitions, all my feare remaines  
That *Cæsar* shall miscarry.

*Cas.* And all my grieve that both.  
Noble *Bentinogli* with-draw we both,  
Vnto my Chamber, I am very sick.

*Exeunt omnes.*

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

SCEN. 5.

*Enter Astaroth and calleth.*

*Asta.* Belchar, Belchar, Belchar;

*Bel.* Varca, Varca, Varca,

*Var.* Astaroth, Astaroth, Astaroth.

*The diuills meete and embrace.*

*Asto.* Let Orcus Erebus and Acheron,  
And all those Ghosts which haunt the pitchy vaultes  
Cruelle black hags in Cimerian shades  
Muster themselves in numbers numberlesse,  
To daunce about the Ghost of Alexander.

*Var.* Our firy region voyd of all religion,  
And diuillish order by necessity,  
Compell'd requires his present policy.

*Bel.* That fatall wine which for his Cardinalls,  
He destined I tooke out of the place:  
And plac'd his owne wine for those Cardinalls.

*Bar.* The date of his damnation is at hand.

*Asta.* Be ready then for I the first will beare,  
As swift as wirl-winde his black soule to Stix.

*Bel.* And I with poysoned toads will stop his mouth,  
Whose heart was neuer satisfied with lust.

*Asta.* And I with snakes and stinging *Scorpions*  
Will scourge him for his pride and insolence.

*Var.* And I with force of fiends will hall his limmes,  
And pull them till he stretch an achor length.

*Bel.* And for his avarice I will fill his paunch,  
With store of moulten gold and boyling leade.

*Asto.* Then let vs for his sake a horne-pipe treade.

*They dance an antick.*

CEN.



SCEN. *Vltima.*

*Alexander vnbraced betwixt two Cardinalls in  
his study looking vpon a booke, whilst a grooms  
draweth the Curtaine.*

*Alex.* You talke of pennance and of penitence,  
Compunction with contrition and remission  
For all my sinnes; I pray you thinke of yours  
You vex your selues too much I cannot thank you,  
Haue patience first; oh tis a goodly exorcisme  
*Quem penitet peccasse pene est innocens*  
Giue leaue, giue leaue, come hither when I call  
Eyther mere fooles or good phisitions all.

*They place him in a chayre vpon the stage,  
a grooms setteth a Table before him.*

Nay leaue me good my lords, faine would I meditate,  
Leaue me I pray you.

*Caraf.* We leaue our praers with your Holinesse,  
Call vpon God, thinke of his endlesse bounty.

*Ale.* Pray for your selues, trouble not me with praers,  
I pray you trouble not your selues with praying.

*Alex. solus.* What is repentance? haue I not forgotten?

*He looketh vpon a booke.*

Why repentance is a spirituall martiredome,  
Which mortifieth sinnes and heales the soule:  
Hauing beene wounded with the spirits sword  
This sword Gods booke: that booke by me profain'd  
And by which booke of God my soule is damn'd,  
I damn'd vndoubtedly.

Oh wretched *Alexander*, slaue of sinne  
And of damnation; what is he that can  
Deliuert thy poore soule? oh none but he  
That when thou didst renounce him cast of thee,  
Repentance is in vaine, mercy too late,

THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Oh why should miserable mortall man,  
Whose languishing breath liues in his nostrills  
Vex and torment himselfe with dayly trauell  
To scrape vp heapes of gold to gape for honors?  
What were the conquests of great *Alexander*:  
Of *Cyrus*, *Cayus Caesar*? what were it  
To be possessed of this vniuerse  
And leaue it all behind him in a moment?  
Might some one man attaine that happinesse  
Which our first *Adam* had in *Parradice*,  
Before he did preuaricate? why then  
It were a worke of lasting worthinesse  
To rippe the bowells of our mother *Ops*  
For treasure; and to conquer all the world,  
Because eternitie would promise it,  
Out, out alas my paines, my guttes, my liuer  
And yet I feare it not: though in security  
Once more I will with powrefull exorcismes,  
Inuoke those Angells of eternall darkenesse  
To shew me now the manner of death.

*Alexander draweth the Curtaine of his studie where hee discouereth the diuill sitting in his pontificals, Alexander crosseth himselfe starting at the sight.*

*Diu.* What dost thou start foule child of reprobation  
Vaine are thy crosses, vaine all exorcismies,  
Those be no fruites of faith but mere hypocrisie:  
*Signa te signa temerè me tangis & angis*  
*Roma tibi subito motibus ibit amor.*  
*Rome* Which once was thy gorgeous concubine  
Hath now forsaken thee: now doth she finde,  
Thy falshood which did her adulterate  
What dost thou tremble slaue of sinne and hell?

*Alexander taketh his booke of Magike, the*  
*Diuill laugheth.*

*Alex.*



Alex. I exorcise thee foule malignant spirit  
In the names of, of, of ———

Diul. Of what? foule mouth, poluted soule?  
Corrupted flesh; God hath forsaken thee,  
Thy date expired is, thy powre determined.

Alex. Dissolue, dissolue, break, breake, black soule dissolue,  
And poyson all this hemisphere with sinne.

Diu. Thy death and dissolution stand at dore,  
Resolue now to dissolue, thy soule is ours.

Alex. Proud *Lucifer* Traytor, to great *Iehouah*,  
Father of lies my time is not expir'd  
I will not do that violence to God,  
Taking that which is his from him  
To be bestow'd on his great enemy.

Diu. Thou that hast throwne those graces in his face,  
How canst thou think vpon saluation?  
Think that th'art damn'd. I will declare it plainly.

*They sit together.*

Alex. Seauen years are yet to come, I look for them.

Diu. Examine thy soule with this counterparte.

Alex. Behold it? is it not for eight years & 8. daies?

Diu. Thou foole examine in Arithmetik,  
Numbers without distinction placed thus.

*Annos* with the figure 11. signifying eleuen years, & the figure,  
Seauen applyed to *Dies* importing seauen daies.

Alex. How? how? how? how? howes that?

*Deh quella malitia del Diabolo: Deh quello veleno del inferno.*

And for what stands this figure then?

Diu. Why for eightene this figure stands for *octauo* referred  
vnto *die* last before, signifying th' eight day after, so that *Annos*  
*undecem* without distinction signifying eleauen years; and this  
figure seauen added to daies; and that *octauo post*, importing the  
eight day following, *moriere*, thou shalt die. I meane thy bodie  
with thy soule in respect of Heauen.

Thus many daies hast thou continued Pope,  
And this is thy last day design'd by fate.

Alex.

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*Alex.* Thou canst not mock me with thy Sophistrie,  
My soule is more diuine and cannot perish.

*Diuil.* Thy soule soule beast is like a Menstruous cloath,  
Poluted with vn pardonable finnes.

*Alex.* Know then malignant Angell of confusion,  
My soule is a diuine light first created  
In liknesse liuely formed to the word,  
Which word was God, that God the cause of causes,  
My soule is substance of the liuing God,  
Stampt with the seale of heauen, whose Carracter  
Is his eternall word, at which hell trembles.

*Diuil.* And what of that? thou therein hast no part,  
I do confesse thy soule was first ordain'd  
To good: but by free-will to sinne thou slaue,  
Hast sold that soule from happinesse to hell.

*Alex.* Marke yet what I can answer for this soule.  
Mightie *Iehouah* most exuperant,  
Two creatures made in feature like himselfe,  
The world and man: world reasonable and immortall,  
Man reasonable, but dissoluble and mortall,  
And therefore man was called *Microcosmus*,  
The little world, and second tipe of God,  
Conteyning those high faculties and functions,  
And elements which are within the world.  
Man then that doth participate with all,  
Through operation, conuersation, and simbolisation,  
With matter in the subiect properly,  
With th'elements in body quadrifarie,  
With growing plants in vertue vegetatiue  
In sence with beasts; with heauens by th'influence  
Of the superiour spirits into th'inferiour  
In wisedome and capacitie with Angels,  
With *Eloym* in that great continent,  
Is without doubt preserued by that God,  
Finding all things contained in himselfe.

*Diuil.* Answer me vaine Philosopher to this,

Thou



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Thou that hast planted man in this perfection,  
Not looking on thy detestable soule,  
Which first like a pure leafe of whitest Lilly,  
Cleere from all blemish was bestow'd by God,  
And thou foule beast didst shamefully polute it.  
Is it not one of humaine faculties,  
To propose for your selues the best you can,  
Where other creatures carryed with blinde force,  
Make them-selues bond-slaues to the present time.  
The scope of mans creation was to glorifie  
The most all potent maker of all things,  
The *Alpha* and *Omega* of all bountie.  
But he that wilfully betrayes this soule,  
That pretious Jewell wherein God delights,  
Dishonors God and doth depriue himselfe,  
Of all saluation and beatitude.

*Alex.* Rest with this answer, that my soule is Gods  
Whose habitacle is prepar'd in heauen.  
First it doth know God being figured  
According to that Image of himselfe,  
And then the world whose luely shape it beares,  
And to conclude, the soule of man knowes all,  
Because with all things it doth simbolize,  
For in this Man there is a minde intelligent,  
A quickning word and a celestiall spirit,  
That like a lightning euery way diffused,  
All things which are made by the mighty power,  
Vniteth, moueth, and replenisheth.

*Diu.* These things should haue beene thought vpon before,  
The *summum bonum* which liues in the soule,  
Is an eternall pleasure to behold,  
And haue fruition of the mightie power,  
Which thou didst neuer see, nor canst enioy.

*Alex.* Pawse yet a little, let me meditate.

*Alexander hol eth up his hands wringing  
and softly crying.*

M

Mercy

## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Mercy, mercy, mercy; arise arise: vp, vp, vp: fy, fy: no, no? stirre  
stubburne, stonie, stiff indurate heart. not yet, vp. why, what? wilt  
thou not foule traytor? to my soule? not yet?

*The Diuill laugheth.*

Arise, arise, aduance heart clogg'd with sinne,  
Oppressed with damnation: vp aduance yet.  
Wilt thou not stirre stiffe heart? what am I damn'd?  
Yet a little, yet a little, oh yet: not yet? alas.  
High God of heauens and earth if thou beare loue,  
Vnto the soule of finfull man shew mercy,  
Mercy good Lord, oh mercy, mercy, mercy.  
Oh saue my soule out of the Lyons pawes,  
My darling from the denne of blacke damnation,  
My soule, my doue, couer with siluer wings,  
Her downe and plumage make of fine tryed gould,  
Help, help, help, aboue. stirre, stirre, stupiditie.

*Diu.* He charmes in *Dauids* words with *Indas* spirit,

*Alex.* It will not, no it will not, yet alas, no, no, no? is that my  
sentence to damnation?

I am vndone, vndone.

*Diuill.* He shall dispaire, vassall of sinne and hell,  
Prouide thy selfe in black dispaire to dwell.

*He ceazeth on his face.*

*Alex.* I tell thee I cannot be resolu'd,  
To dwell in darkenesse breake black soule dissolue,  
And poyson all this Hemisphere with sinne,

*Heere Alexander is in extreame torment and  
groneth whilst the diuill laugheth at him.*

*Alex.* And if I may not reach that happinesse,  
Since for my sonnes sake I my selfe inthral'd,  
Tell me shall *Cesar* die this death with me?

*Diuill.* *Cesar*; his youth and strength of blood driues out  
This fatall poyson and shall liue a while.

*Alex.* Oh shew me then the manner of his death,

*Diu.* Attend it time growes short all feare is past.

The



THE DIVILS CHARTER.

*The Diuill bringeth from the doore Lucreciaes Ghost, and  
after her the ghost of Candie stabbed.*

*Alex.* What meanes that ghastly shadow which came first?

*Diuil.* By that which represents *Lucretia*,  
Leprous and poisoned is thy death declar'd,  
By poyson which now struggleth with thy spirits,  
And by that other which sets out to thee,  
The murther of thy sonne the Duke of *Candy*,  
Prefigur'd is the death of thy sonne *Cesar*,  
Thou for the poysoning of thy daughter poysoned &  
He for the murthering of his brother murthered.

*Alex.* Thus God is onely iust.

*Diu.* The Diuill cannot deny it.

*Alex.* Man onely false.

Learne miserable wretched mortall men,  
By this example of a sinfull soule,  
What are the fruites of pride and Auarice,  
Of cruell Empire and impietie,  
Of prophanation and Apostacie,  
Of brutish lust, falsehood, and perfidie,  
Of deepe dissembling and hypocrisie,  
Learne wicked worldlings, learne, learne, learne by me  
To saue your soules, though I condemned be.

*\* Sound a Horne within, enter a Diuill like a Poast.*

*1 Diu.* Here comes a fatall message, I must hence. *Exit.*

*Alex.* My roabes, my roabes, he robs me of my roabes,  
Bring me my roabes, or take away my life,  
My roabes, my life, my soule and all is gone.

*Alexander falleth in an extasie vpon the ground.*

*2. Diuil.* From the pale horror of eternall fire,  
Am I sent with the wagon of blacke *Dis*,  
To guide thy spirit to the gates of death,  
Therefore I summon thee to come with speed,  
For horizons now stand thee not instead.

*Alexander aduanceth a little.*

*Alex.* Horror and horror, feare ensueth feare,

Torment with tormentes is Incompassed:  
 Dispaire vpon dispaire, damnation  
 Vpon damnation, hell and consience,  
 Murther, lust, auarice, impiety,  
 Vaine prophanation and apostacie,  
 Rage and distraction tiranize: away,  
 Away proud *Lucifer*, away.

*Diuill.* away, away. *The Diuill windeh his horne in his eare  
 and there more diuills enter with a noise  
 incompassing him, Alexander starteth.*

*Alex.* Holla, holla, holla, come, come, come, what, when, where  
 when, why, deafe, strike, dead, aliue, oh alas, oh alas alwaies bur-  
 ning, alwayes freezing, alwayes liuing, tormented, neuer ending,  
 neuer, neuer, neuer mending, out, out, out, out, why, why, whe-  
 ther, whether, thether,

*Diuills.* Thether, thether, thether.

*Thunder and lightning with fearefull noise the  
 diuells thrust him downe and goe Triumphant.*

*Enter Cardinalls and Bentiuoli.*

*Bent.* What is he dead?

*Car.* Dead, and in such a fashon,  
 As much affrights my spirits to remember,  
 Thunder and fearfull lightning at his death,  
 Out cries of horror and extremity.

*Bent.* Cause all your bells to ring my lords of *Rome*,  
*Rome* is redeemed from a wicked Pope.

*Car.* God hath beheld vs with his eyes of mercy,  
 His name be glorified, ioyne all in prayer,  
 And giue him praise that tooke away your shame.

*Bent.* Goe your procession, sing your letinies,  
 And let your Churches through with multitudes,  
 Banquets and bonfiers through the Citty make.  
 In signe our Church is freed from infamy,

*Car.* Euen as his spirit was inflate with pride,

*Behold*



## THE DIVILS CHARTER.

Behold his bodie puffed vp with poyson,  
His corps shall be conuaied to saint *Peeters*,  
Open for all beholders, that they may  
See the reward of sinne, amend and pray.

### *Guicchiardine.*

Th' omnipotent great guider of all powers,  
(Whose essence is pure grace, and heavenly loue,  
As he with glorie crownes heroyick actions,  
Bearing a taste of his eternall vertue)  
So semolably doth he with terror strike,  
In heaue vengeance sinnes detestable:  
As in this tragike myrrour to your eyes,  
Our sceane did represent in *Alexander*,  
*Flauious Caesar* his ambitious sonne,  
Reseru'd for more calamities to come,  
After he was imprisoned by the Church,  
Escap't into the kingdome of *Nauarre*,  
Vnto King *Iohn* then brother to his wife:  
Where in an ambush at *Viano* slaine,  
Iust *Nemesis* repaide his treacherie.

M 3

Epilo-

## Epilogus.

**H**eroicke and beneuolent spectators,  
Your gracious eares, and curious observations,  
Iudicious censures, and sweete clemencie,  
Haue thus addrest our Tragick Theater,  
T<sup>e</sup> exchange contentment, for benignitie:  
Humbly deuoted to your good desires.  
For some delight, cause of discourse for others,  
For all example, and for none offence,  
Your fauours are a royall recompence.  
Which when our loftie Muses shall perceine,  
Then in more pompous and triumphant state,  
Your eyes with glory shall the deed receaue  
Of mightie Monarches, Kings, and change of fate,  
By me those persons which our Scene presented,  
Kisse all your hands, and wish you well contented.

**FINIS.**





